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The

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

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By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

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THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

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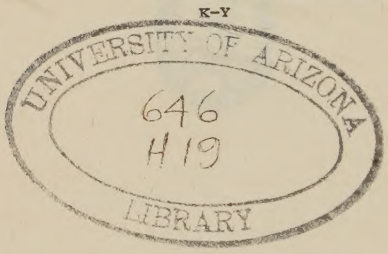

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FOREWORD

THE well-dressed woman and good taste in clothes are reversible phrases. One cannot exist without the other. Good taste is not an inheritance. The ability to dress well is not a birthright. In the broad analysis both are a species of imitation. In the last analysis both give evidence of continuous struggle.

There is no royal road to good dressing. If there were, queens and princesses would clothe themselves better. As a rule, they show such utter carelessness or defiance of the dictates of fashion that one realizes only the blood royal could be forgiven.

Whoever is conspicuous in her defiance of prevailing fashion does not show good taste. Whoever sets her personality or individual taste against the drift of the world current in clothes shows a species of egotism that may be forgiven if the given reason is reasonable, but she is not to be imitated. Her rank may be low or high, her character may leave much to be desired or it may be above gossip, but her clothes are to be considered apart from her position or personality.

It is often averred that clothes reveal personality and betray mental idiosyncrasies. Possibly. But

they do not express moral qualities. Therefore, it is wise for the woman who boasts that her clothes are ill-chosen because life is filled with better things, to mend her ways and speech. It is still possible for a woman of the highest character to be clothed in the best chosen raiment without detriment to her moral qualities. The woman who tries to think otherwise is merely administering balm in Gilead to herself. She is overlaying a defect with varnish. She is trying to make others believe what she does not believe, unless self-hypnotized, which is that she could dress as well as the best if she took thought to it.

We lay too many of our faults to self-discovered fine traits in our character. Lack of good taste in clothes and perverse negligence in choosing and assembling them are infrequently admitted by women. If they would admit the true reason for these defects and thus clear the underbrush that impedes their way, the worst could become the best. That's the hope that lies before every woman. And no woman, be her age, temperament, character, environment what they will, is really averse to being well dressed. There is no woman who can bear with serenity the imputation of not knowing how to clothe herself. The proof of this statement is that no married woman can bear to hear her husband's praise of another woman's clothes with-

out making protest, without showing or concealing jealousy, or without challenging the praise by saying the other woman has more money to dress on than she has. Women are personal in their conversation. There's no denying it.

A husband may praise a wife's intellect, oh, yes; he may speak well of the food on her table; he may think few play a better hand at cards; he may raise his eyes in ecstasy over the way she dances; but she will forget such praise if he draws a line of comparison between her ill-chosen clothes and those worn by another woman. Which proves that women will be women to the last moment of the last cycle of Time.

The mistake made by the majority on the subject of clothes is to think that good taste is a gift or that the right choice of suitable raiment is a birthright. Rid their minds of that error and light breaks in; an optimistic struggle to attain the desired goal begins.

The essentials to victory in this struggle are observation, imitation, calculation. Salvation is not wholly from within. Others may help, but they do it only when they focus your mind on these three essentials.

An apt pupil seems to wear seven-league boots. Dowds have been transformed into leaders of good taste by a year of intelligent application of the rules

of the game. This is infrequent, but it is possible to those who bring all their mental resources into good working order to achieve the thing which makes them happier.

Waste of time, you say? Too busy doing good deeds or bringing up a houseful of children, you add? Then this book is not for you. But I warn you. Good deeds are quite as good if you are well frocked, and your children may come to the point where they will wonder why some one else's mother is better dressed than you are. Children and men are cruelly uncanny in their judgment of clothes.

I once asked a woman why she wore her most entrancing costumes to visit the boarding school where her young daughter was quartered. "She feels so elated over my clothes," was the answer. "She delights to hear other girls praise my appearance and to wish their mothers dressed as I do. It amuses her to see them imitating my coiffure, my clothes, the pose of my hat, for weeks after. My visits are a tonic to her. If I went there in shabby, careless clothes, it would depress her."

Here is another story you might care to hear. A middle-aged woman went into a dressmaking house in the early part of 1919 and explained, with much timidity and a kind of frightened hesitation, that she

would like a light-blue satin evening gown. She was stout, she was not well dressed, she wore an unforgivable hat. She saw the puzzled look of the head of the house. She stammered out the reason for her wish. "My only son has been in France for two years; he has always loved pretty clothes, and since he was a little fellow he begged me to wear light blue and to 'dress up' in the evening when the young people came to the house to dance. I never would please him by putting on a low-necked gown, and I wouldn't wear light colors, but he has been wounded, he is coming home the end of this week, I've gotten up a party for him, and I want to please and surprise him by wearing the tone of blue he likes. Do you think I am too old, too wrinkled, too sad and worried-looking?"

"You're going to look perfectly beautiful in the handsomest blue satin gown that I can turn out," answered the dressmaker. I hope she did so.

So, do not ignore the importance of knowing how to dress. Do not belittle it. There is no stratum of life in which attractive clothes are not better and wiser than ugly ones. There is no compelling virtue in us to make those we love quite forgive us for looking our worst, when we might, by taking thought, look our best. It was that wise and witty Sheridan who

said to Garrick, "Dress does make a difference, Davy."

The house of Worth has stood for three generations for the importance of clothes and the highest expression of good taste in them, regardless of fashion's whimsicalities. Heed, therefore, what M. Worth has to say on the art of good dressing. He tells in the first chapter his views on the subject dearest to his heart.

The importance of his contribution to this book is that he and his forbears stand for beauty in raiment, for the expression of one's physical personality, for the meticulous observance of the right costume for the occasion, for the selection of raiment neither above nor below one's social environment. It is his creed that it is difficult for good women to shine above bad clothes.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

The

Well-Dressed Woman

Chapter One

Jean Worth Preaches Simplicity

MY father, Charles Worth, claimed that he possessed courage and skill. He put courage first because it was always needed to curb the craze of the modern woman for something new, whether it became her or not. That craze, I am sorry to say, is growing among the unwise and calls forth the traditional courage of this house to keep it within reasonable bounds.

It seems to synchronize with the growing restlessness of this age, an age of fast motors and flying-machines and feverish craze for excitement and distraction. For the women of to-day there must always be some new fashion, some new color. Do they care what it is, whether beautiful or intrinsically ugly? Not at all. So long as it is *new*, all is well. A lady came to see me one day and said, with eager weariness: "M. Worth, I have seen all the flowers there are. Can you not fashion a new one for me?"

Women are wont to change the color of their hair and the tint of their complexion—not at all to their advantage. For, after all, nature does know best.

Some seem to think it a pity they are unable to change the color of their eyes, so that to-day these may be pink, to-morrow purple, the next day green, and the fourth blue. Mesdames, it is a disease, this mania for change; though, indeed, I ought not to preach against it, commercially speaking, for it is financially splendid for us, the dressmakers. But, personally, I must raise my voice as an artist, for that is my element—the one I have most at heart. I marvel that women fret so greatly about their clothes. They fret far too much.

Not only must the modes be changed for them weekly, daily—almost hourly; not only must new colors, sometimes very ugly ones, be invented for them—for all the pretty colors are old—but the women of to-day must possess fantastically elaborate *toilettes*, gowns that are a complete *mêlée* of materials. In them you will see lace of one type destroying the beauty of lace of another, and of itself as well. Silk embroideries and glittering paillettes vie for supremacy. Here a dab of cloth, and there one of velvet, interspersed with galon, fringe, tassels, and fur, build up a motif as tawdry as it is pretentious, as vulgar as it is hideous.

I shall not be uttering honeyed syllables when I give out the word "simplicity" as my text, and tell

you how I dislike and despise the tendency of this age toward mere glitter and show and novelty for the mere sake of novelty. Let me assure you that there is too much of all this, and the effect that is really imposing must be gained by other means than by piling alien materials, all beautiful apart, into one meaningless jangle, hopelessly out of tune.

To me it is sacrilege to mate lace and fur, two exquisite media in their proper place, but so completely opposite in character that a union between them is impossible if harmony is to be the result.

"Old-fashioned" is accounted a fearsome phrase by the unthinking, by those lacking true genius in dress. Yet, believe me, it would be vastly better for the beauty of the world if women would revert to the spirit of sweet reasonableness that inspired their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and regard dress in an entirely different light from the garish one of the present day.

Fifty years ago—yes, even twenty—the well-dressed woman thought herself fully equipped if in her wardrobe half a dozen new gowns found a place each season or each year, according to the requirements of her position or that of her husband. These she wore steadily, through season after season, with slight alterations, rejoicing in beauty of fabric rather

than in extravagance of design. It was then that the silk trade in Lyons flourished so well and produced materials it was a delight to handle.

And when winter came my lady's summer robes were carefully packed away in cedar. Then were brought forth her frocks of velvet, silk, and cloth, as well as her furs, reeking of camphor, in all probability, for a few days, because they had been packed away in that preservative to keep them from the ravages of the marauding moth.

No false pride prevented those women of a bygone age, who would now be dubbed shockingly old-fashioned and unpresentable, from wearing their *toilettes* time after time, even at the same houses where they visited, whereas to-day a gown once well-known in its wearer's set is worthy only to be cast aside. And as for a frock preserved from last summer for wear this year—perish the thought! It is *banal*, absurd!

Nevertheless, I tell you that one of the best-dressed women in all Paris, perhaps the best among them, buys only three *toilettes* a year! But those three are perfect in taste, in fit, in materials. They are made of the choicest fabrics of their kind, with rare skill, and they accord marvelously with their wearer. Then, too, this woman knows to a nicety

how to put on her clothes; how to add just what is wanted, a knot of blossoms, a piece of old lace, or a suitable jewel. And *voilà!* the result is exquisitely *comme il faut;* just what is beautiful and subtly telling.

Yet, mark you, she is not the type of woman at whom everyone in the street will stare. Her vogue is not that of the *cocotte,* whose great aim and desire is to attract attention. But those who see the perfectly gowned one say to themselves, "There is real distinction; that is a woman supremely well dressed!"

Now here is a valuable secret. It is surely worth while knowing how to put on frocks, how to give them the finishing touches of artistry that are necessary to complete their beauty and their charm. You apprehend what I am leading up to in this, my first discourse? I am advising the canonization of simplicity rather than crude straining after effect.

But observe this: it is not a simplicity that necessarily argues less expenditure in dress. The merely extravagant—that is to say, those who strain every nerve and misuse the energies of fathers and husbands to produce for them more and more and more apparel—may, perhaps, read into my homily a word of reproof. But it is the simplicity of that which is truly beautiful that I extol. Fine, cultured taste

must win, and win easily in any race against the merely lavish.

This theme deserves enlargement; and the better to emphasize it let me describe a serenely superb toilette that made a great sensation. It was designed by me for an American *grande dame*, and was a gown so simple that only a few words need be employed upon it.

It was a court robe which made its appearance at Buckingham Palace—a gown that was the cynosure of every eye and won words of admiration from their Majesties the King and Queen of England and the radiant crowd about their thrones.

White brocaded velvet, absolutely untrimmed, composed it in the main. And to it was added the regulation court train, four yards long, made of geranium-colored velvet, lined with silver tissue. Not one atom of adornment was there upon the toilette—if exception be made of the loops of diamonds that supported the train upon the shoulders. Yet the success it won was enormous.

Now, upon what did this simple gown depend for its triumph? Upon the exquisite materials chosen; upon the color of the train thrown up by its shimmering lining; upon the modeling and fit of the robe; and upon its supreme suitability to its wearer. To show

the care in detail that was lavished upon the gown, let me say that the very pattern of the brooch was designed and woven in such a manner that the symmetry of the wearer's figure was enhanced by it, quite apart from the skillful cutting and fitting bestowed upon the gown as a whole. Such a robe as that, age cannot wither nor custom stale. Not for the moment only is it beautiful, but for all time.

To old and young, rich and poor, my message is the same. Choose good and beautiful materials—costly and many, if you are rich enough to afford several frocks and have suitable opportunities of wearing them; few, but of their kind excellent, should your dress money be limited. Then have them made up simply, but always bearing in mind the requirements of the occasions they are to adorn and your own individual needs.

Do not eschew trimmings; but when you are brought face to face with the problem of decision, having on the one hand the resource of a lavish amount of showy but cheap decoration, and on the other that of a very, very little, but that little good, then let the good prevail. No one more heartily approves of rich embroideries, handsome galons, rare laces, and splendid furs than I do; but for tawdry counterfeits my contempt is equal.

One cannot laugh at a woman grotesquely dressed. It is too deplorable. It is also inexcusable, as all ignorance is. Of course, it is absurd to think that all or even many women can be dressed by my house. Most of the materials I use are made especially for me, hence no one else can procure them. The silk looms of Lyons weave my own designs, and the very colors dyed are of my choosing.

When sequins and jet are to embellish one of my creations, ordinary sequins and ordinary jets are not admitted into the workrooms. The place of such is taken by most carefully selected paillettes and simili. Each one is picked out by hand from its fellows to secure precisely the size and facetting required, and then set aside for the work.

The same zealous attention to detail is observed throughout the whole composition of a robe, for whose mere sleeve the art galleries of Europe will be canvassed for ideas. It is that affectionate solicitude, if so I may term it, in tiny details, that secures a triumph in the end, even in the eyes of women whose common lot is the best that earth can give.

Finally, *mesdames et mesdemoiselles,* be not fashion's slaves. Take that lesson to heart, I implore you. Drop back in the race, and by some strange paradox you will find that you are winning!

My father brought into vogue what is known as the *princesse* dress, and I make it to-day. There have been deviations in the treatment of the vogue, of course, but not in the main idea; it was beautiful in its inception, and remains beautiful to-day. It finds favor, I may add, most assuredly among the Italians and the Americans, whose taste in dress is altogether impeccable.

But to wear what is said to be "the mode" simply because it is said to be, without any inquiry as to its suitability or becoming qualities in regard to the individual—that were foolishness indeed. And, unfortunately, in this lies the secret of a whole world of thoroughly bad dressing.

The American women are very delightful to dress. They cultivate a natural *espièglerie*, an alertness, a distinction that causes them to look superb in handsome gowns. Then, too, what I may call their instinct for dress is accurate and penetrating; they are sensible lovers of the beautiful for its own sake, and possess a keen feeling for the exigencies of occasion. No one meets a traveling American in chiffon. She voyages in tailor-made tweeds, a picture of appropriate smartness.

On the other hand, for the full-dress reception the *belle Américaine's* sense of what is necessary is un-

erring; she rivals even the Parisienne in her appreciation of the importance of detail, choosing with fine taste that which is correct in millinery, shoes, gloves, neckwear, and the smallest *et ceteras* of the dainty toilette.

Now for the practical. Let us suppose there is very little money in the purse. Is it then possible for a woman to dress well? She cannot afford to pay high prices for her clothes, or to seek expert advice upon the subject of colors, styles, and trimmings. What is she to do?

I will tell you, only prefacing my observations with the remark that, given good taste, or what I call tact in dress, every woman may be well dressed. Note this well. Should she be poor, that makes no difference at all; she has an equal chance with her rich sister of making a success of her attire, of setting off her charms, of concealing her defects.

It is a good deal to assume, this possession of good taste. The thing is subtle as genius. Some women have it as an instinct. Others must carefully cultivate it; and in order to do this they must foster the critical habit as regards their own appearance. They must not forget their defects and congratulate themselves that their good points will mask the effect of the bad ones.

With crude cruelty let them confront their mirror in order to discover that which demands improvement.

To put the matter in different words. The beautiful girl whose hair is the color of ripe corn and whose complexion rivals the lily and the rose may have a waist circumference that is altogether clumsy and *gauche*. Now, is such a one to choose colors that will throw up the honeyed radiance of her hair and establish the already evident excellence of her fair skin?

By no means. She must be governed, in her choice of materials, dyes, patterns, trimmings, and even the design in which her frock is to be fashioned, entirely by that thick waist of hers.

First of all, however, her money must be cheerfully expended upon good corsets; and she must use her best and most persistent endeavors to induce all the symmetry of figure she can achieve by the use of fencing-foils (a splendid aid to elegance, suppleness, and firmness of the figure, especially in middle life), and by other means of acquiring grace open to her in the gymnasium, and if possible on horseback. Moreover, she must wear black in preference to color, and have her waist belts carefully modeled to give her figure length.

The reason the Frenchwoman is so well-dressed, as a rule, is that she is immensely critical, and makes

very good use of the triple mirror, in which she can see at once the back and side views of her figure. She never remains foolishly gratified with her appearance after a cursory glance at the front view, but remembers that all the world does not bow before her. To many it is her back that must mainly be visible.

The Frenchwoman, too, resolves to be consistent. She will never expend her little all upon her frock or her hat, vaguely and improvidently leaving her gloves, neckwear, belt and shoes to take care of themselves. Building herself up from the beginning by means of well-fitting and very daintily made lingerie, a good corset and suitable jupons, that born dresser completes a highly satisfactory whole by a discreet choice in toilettes and all the accessories thereof.

Draw a mental picture in your own minds, ladies, when you are choosing material for a gown, and your artistic sense will direct your selection. The woman of ponderous proportions should abjure satin in favor of a silk that does not shine. And this because the sheen of the highly glossy fabric throws into undesirable relief the contour of flesh that requires toning down rather than accentuation.

Discriminating common sense is needed under these circumstances to avoid such fabrics as are patterned in large plaids or those containing groups of blossoms,

though a brocade with a design in spiral bunches may be made a very successful refiner of the bulky figure.

Stripes, too, may be relied upon, under the auspices of a clever cutter and fitter, to induce symmetry. Chiffon, crêpe de Chine, marquisette, and all the other gauzes require very nice adjustment if the bulky are to wear them at all. And as to the colors chosen, let no garish ones be permitted on any account. Black will be safe; biscuit may be, deepening to tan, which is a dye that does not intensify size, and is therefore more useful as a glove and shoe color than even gray. Green, too, of a shade known as "watercress," may be suitable, and the mauves and pearl shades also.

A woman with gray hair and whitened countenance may look beautiful in the right tone of gray, touched with a little very good old filmy lace, even if her figure be not precisely that of a sylph.

Trimmings that run round and round a skirt are always best avoided by the stout, especially if short stature accompany actual bulk. And in their stead, lines that give length by pursuing a course from the shoulders downward are distinctly advisable.

There are obvious objections to sequined robes for girls and women inclined to *embonpoint,* since the

glitter of the paillettes draws pointed attention to the overplus of flesh which it is desirable to disguise or mitigate.

Years ago, when the type of corset that bends inward at the center of the waistline was in fashion, causing the figure below the belt to protrude in the ugliest way, besides giving the wearer most uncomfortable sensations, I went to a famous *corsetière* here in Paris and asked her why she did not introduce a straight-fronted corset. "Will you please mind your own business, M. Worth," was her retort, "and leave me to mine?" I gathered that antipathy to the new corset was merely a foolish prejudice, which in time vanished, thanks largely to American common sense.

But even then my father, determined that his own daughter's figure should not be spoiled, nor her health and comfort jeopardized, while yet little more than a child, modeled her corsets for her and made them straight-fronted. It is to this corset, cut on common-sense principles and with the enlightenment of a knowledge of anatomy to aid the modeler, that I attribute so much of the grace and suppleness of the middle-aged women of the present day. And, as I have said, it is to Americans in the main that the world owes their establishment.

Chapter Two

Harmony is the Great Secret

SOME women are unfair to the point of absurdity with their dressmakers and milliners. They ask the expert opinion of these, listen with apparent attention, and then follow their own caprice—naturally not to their advantage! For who should know so well as a man who has made of dress a life study what is likely best to suit madame or mademoiselle?

There was a time, before dress became the obsession it now is, when all the customers of the house of Worth bowed to the decision of its acknowledged head and rested entirely satisfied with his decision. "Make me a dozen gowns," a great lady would say, and there the matter would end so far as the patron's trouble went.

My father detested mere slavish following of the moment's mode, and one night obliged his own wife to go to a ball with an aigrette in her hair, whereas an absolutely flat headdress was the fashion at the time! Yet all present were charmed with the novelty, and forthwith voted their own style quite *démodé!*

In those days, having ascertained for what purpose

the *toilettes* were required—so many for the morning, so many for the evening, so many for the country or the seaside, and so many for town wear—everything was arranged by M. Worth; for, whether France were imperial or republic, he at least remained Uncrowned King of Fashion. His practiced eye discerned the color and style of robe that would most completely enhance a woman's charm, and with complete serenity she might leave the matter to him and give her mind to the contemplation of home affairs, her children and philanthropies.

This attitude was the result of a long uphill struggle from the downright dowdiness of the late forties in the Nineteenth Century when my English ancestor, M. Charles Worth, came to Paris. It was hard to believe the "City of Light" had been the seat of a brilliant court. Each lady had a mantle, or perhaps a couple of ugly silk frocks, with possibly a cashmere shawl given to her on her marriage. The most costly trimming used in those days was but four francs a yard, and most patrons bought their own material and took it to some humble journeyman dressmaker. For the art of dressmaking and fitting had not yet been born.

But the glories of fashion came in with the Second Empire and the flood of strangers that thronged to the court. My ancestor began the vast work of educating

public taste, especially in jet and fancy trimmings. He revived the art of lace-making in Paris; he got color ideas from far Japan.

When the Empress Eugénie was married, lace-making was a lost art; and on her wedding-gown there were but two lace flounces, two yards long, and even those not of the same pattern.

But what a change a few years wrought! In 1855 the Empress distributed prizes at an international exposition in a cherry-velvet gown with a skirt of *point d'Alençon* worth fifteen thousand dollars! Women began to realize that dressing was a real art; that they themselves were apt to go astray in it; and at length the socially prominent no more thought of designing their own gowns than they would of attempting to paint their own portraits. But very different is the case to-day!

Not only must the maker of modes maintain a reputation for exclusive designs, given to one customer solely for her own beautification—the silks woven for us by the Lyons looms are copyrighted as though they were paintings—but he must keep in his salons dozens of model costumes, worn by *mannequins* or living models who pace the floors of the reception-rooms, first in this and then in that costume, in order that the intending purchaser may see and choose her *toilettes*

for herself—often with deplorable results. Then, too, there must be artists on the premises especially engaged to make water-color drawings that can be sent as specimens to clients, so that they may be able to criticise and choose what they consider will best suit their needs.

Yet the woman who is dressed by a really skillful modiste need never fear that her trust in him will be displaced. His ripe experience is at her disposal—his knowledge of what will look well not only in the hand but on the body, whether in daylight or under the glare of electricity. Some European queens and great ladies—true artists themselves in other branches than dress—do place themselves completely in my hands; and their robes, if I may say so, are the admiration of all beholders.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to digress a little here to speak of royal ladies' taste in dress. The Dowager Queen Alexandra of England is a born artist in this respect, inheriting the talent from her late mother, the Queen of Denmark, who taught her children what was becoming from their tenderest years in the Copenhagen nursery. Queen Alexandra could—often does—trim her own hats and bonnets, and makes root-and-branch alteration in even the most *recherché* Paris millinery. Never does her Majesty permit the ex-

travagance of fashion to invade her immense wardrobe.

She does not ask, "Will panne or stiff brocade be favored?" or "Will fur be admitted for evening wear?" or "Will tight sleeves last through another season?" No. And not because her Majesty is a law unto herself. It is merely because she has exquisite taste and unerringly chooses modes that become her well-known beauty. The Queen gets charming ideas from museums and galleries, and used to design in the Tapestry Room at Marlborough House under the direction of the late Lord Leighton.

Her sister, the Russian Empress, cared little for dress, though her coronation robe—of cloth of silver and pearls—was a marvelous thing. And she looked like some goddess of the North in a novel ball-gown this house once designed for her. It was a simple gown of white velvet with a long train and superb veil. This last was kept in its place by a jeweled white dove, lightly perched on the Czarina's hair, which was arranged over a cushion.

Carmen Sylva, the white-haired Queen of Rumania, affected the charming flowing draperies of her country, with a long lace veil held in position by jeweled pins. The favorite color of Queen Elena of Italy is a soft blue-gray. Wilhelmina of Holland feels most at

home in a tailor-made gown, and the Queen of Spain has brilliant taste in patterned brocades and silks, and likes white.

Not all royal ladies have correct taste. I recall one who loved violent blues, brilliant purples, and greens that were painful to see. I persuaded her Majesty to wear black. And in black she came to me one day. "I have followed your advice, M. Worth," she said, with a smile, "but you can't prevent me from loving the reds and yellows. The sunlight of my own land makes me love brilliant colors, and I think color is a question of climate."

There is something in that, too. It takes a strong-minded woman to defy fashion and abide by advice that makes the best of herself individually.

I may recite the case of Madame Duse—the Italian actress of world-wide fame, whom I always dressed. That great genius pleaded for pure honesty when the question arose of what would suit her and what would not. Racked with illness, as she so often was, and also by the tremendous force of her marvelous intellect and the emotionalism of the parts she played, into which her very soul was poured, she often presented an appearance of intense fragility and weariness.

To give her gowns that would increase the impression of physical frailty would not have been right,

howsoever beautiful they might be in themselves. And so when madame's preference was for a color that I knew would not suit her, I said without fear of offense: "But, madame, you are not to wear it; it makes you look old and sad." And she would thank me for my refusal. Few other women admired such plain speaking.

But there are other ladies vastly less amenable. "Tell me, M. Worth," said one of them, evidently anxious to learn my opinion, "ought I to wear purple or green? I like this shade of green very, very much!"

"Do you wish for my honest opinion, madame," I ask, "or shall I merely agree with you?"

"Your candid opinion, certainly, if you will, monsieur," is the reply.

"Then, madame," I answer, "I think your complexion is too pale for green. Purple would suit you far better."

Does she rest satisfied with purple, think you? Is my honest opinion of any practical value to her? Not at all. She reverts to further discussion. "Well, but M. Worth," she says, "I do so much want green."

"Then have green, madame," I reply; for I perceive that that way only lies happiness for her.

"But do you like it?" she persists.

I reply that I like green in its place, and the matter is settled.

My task thereafter is to secure the green that will least of all quarrel with madame's complexion, and tone down its generally evil effect by introducing some other color near her skin. Have I explained to you clearly why women should trust their dressmakers if, by a consensus of opinion, they are deemed worthy of trust?

I will not insult the intelligence of my audience by insisting upon the now exploded theory that there are certain colors exclusively dedicated to the brunette and others are the sole possession of the blonde.

When crude dyes only were obtainable it was perhaps necessary to say to the dark woman, "For you, there must exist only yellow and pale blue," and to the blonde, "You must look upon no other color save green and light red."

But now contemplate the nuances of every dye; contemplate, too, the changes that are rung on the definition "brunette" and "blonde." Besides, if there is one point upon which women are usually good judges for themselves, it is color. In the cases I have already mentioned, did not the lady know as well as I did that green was not her color and that purple was? Of course she did.

While, however, roughly speaking, white is for everybody, mauve for the very fair, blue for the brunette, and red for the blonde, I would add that age should be circumspect in a decision as to color schemes. With white, black, gray, and purple at her command, why should the woman of sixty insist upon pink, which is certain to make her appear years and years older than she really is?

Pink is youth; yet there are women of sixty and upward who persist in wearing it. Green, too, is a trying choice except for the fresh complexion with plenty of color. In some gradations of shade and in some lights it makes a white countenance—which purple would frame most beautifully—look ghastly in the extreme.

Instead of dressing ten or twenty years younger than their age, women past their youth would find it a much wiser plan to dress years older than they really are! For what would happen? Why, just this: that people would say, "Why does madame wear a dress so much too old for her?" Surely that is better than the remark, "Look at that old woman pretending to be a girl!" The happy medium, however, can be acquired with care and taste.

A beautiful gown should be as great an artistic joy to its wearer and to those who see it on her as a beauti-

ful room. As for the latter, what constitutes its beauty? Is it a plethora of cheap bric-à-brac, gimcrack furniture, walls spotted with oleographs hung upon a background of gaudy paper, and a common carpet?

Or, as I have seen it in some of the most lavishly appointed houses, is it a heterogeneous conglomeration of this and that; abundant curios; furniture that must have been meant to be fallen over, so greatly does it obstruct the wayfarer's course across the room; a jumble of pictures, each one costly, but of different schools quite out of keeping with one another; and, to crown all, a thousand knickknacks at once bewildering to the eyes and racking to the brain?

There is no taste here. A room should be restful and dignified. There should be, on the suitably hung walls, some good tapestry and perhaps only one picture, which of its type should be a perfect masterpiece. A beautiful example of marble statuary, a few exquisitely modeled pieces of furniture, and a valuable carpet make up the whole of a perfect apartment, as I understand it.

It is just the same with jewelry. When a young member of our house was about to be married I took from the bank a sum of money that the founder of our house had left by will to be expended upon a wedding

present for her. The amount was sufficient to purchase a necklace of diamonds.

But I did not wish such a possession for her.

Instead of presenting to her an ornament composed of stones of which not one would be really uncommon, I bought just a single stone—a solitary blue diamond, flawless, superbly cut; in point of fact—perfection. Few people may notice that diamond when she wears it, but she owns a gem that is immaculate, and that is enough for me and for her.

Since girls have carved for themselves so many honorable niches in the world of labor, it is to them I will address my next few words of advice. How is it that those who work for their living will go to the desk or counter in transparent blouses that are suitable only for the intimacy of home? In short-sleeved, semi-transparent affairs, the very antithesis of what the occasion requires?

In their hats ornamentation will flaunt this way and that; and they will put them on as if they were mad creatures—one week with the brim resting on the nose, the next with the whole chapeau sliding off the back of the head!

And, alas! To see the grotesque way in which a misguided creature will dress her hair, piled on her ears after the manner of a Chinese woman's, puffed

here and curled there so that not only is the face robbed of every characteristic expression it possesses, making it look imbecile, but the shape of the head is completely obliterated. And as for the outline of the forehead, of many physiognomies the chief beauty, it is too often covered by an unsightly mass of hair.

Such girls have not learned discrimination; and until they realize that it is bad taste to garb themselves for the office as they would for the reception room, they are a long way from meriting praise as well-dressed women.

No sane and thoughtful man would wish to deprive any girl of the opportunity of exhibiting her very natural and proper partiality for dainty attire; but there should be logic in dress. Nor will it be a success if what is charming in one place is worn where it becomes positively *outré* and vulgar.

Can it be supposed that men really admire the tawdry odds and ends with which so many women deck themselves, rather as if they were wild savages pleased with the glitter of worthless beads than educated individuals of refinement who know good from bad and false from true?

In Paris the woman of true refinement, such as I dress, will not wear at the theatre any cloak or *toilette* that draws attention to her, but will so mark herself

that he who runs may read a charming woman by her quiet attire and its exquisite simplicity of design. It is true that the materials are fine—better cannot be bought for gold—and the gown fits "*à merveille,*" as we say. But the effect is unostentatious.

And why should it be otherwise? These good women do not dress to attract indiscriminate attention —far from it. They would not consent to go to a ball half-clothed, with sleeves cut to the waist beneath and the corsage only an apology for what it should be. Their desire is not to look like what they are not, but rather like what they are. Is it not too frequently the case that the opposite inclination would seem to prevail even with the best intentions?

I mentioned short sleeves just now, and may as well take this opportunity of expressing my views upon the subject, and at the same time correcting a misrepresentation ascribed to me in the press.

It is well known that I am never interviewed by newspapers; but one day a lady, who turned out to be a journalist, came to me and asked whether I approved of short sleeves. I told her, "Yes, in their proper place," which was not, I considered, with a morning dress. With her arms bare to her shoulders at breakfast-time, I said, I thought a lady would look like her own cook or housemaid, who must push up her sleeves

to make her pastry or do her scrubbing. Yet that journalist went away and declared in her newspaper that "M. Worth disapproved of short sleeves"!

By no means do I disapprove of them with the evening gown when met by a long glove; nor yet with the afternoon *toilette* of ceremony, likewise in company with the glove. But indoors during the day it is not desirable, that curtailed sleeve which displays that portion of the arm which is only in rare cases really pretty; for it is either as flat as a board, covered with down, or quite an ugly red color. And in no instance do I like the elbow sleeve as the accompaniment of a cloth dress; it is far too hard in effect.

To rush headlong into the *mêlée* with everybody, each one demonstrating a new fad, be it suitable or unsuitable, is by no means the sign of the well-dressed women. Such a one knows too much about herself, about the vulgar evanescence of the *dernier cri* that sings another tune to-morrow. She knows that a woman of commanding rank and great beauty who dresses with supreme individuality can impose, with no effort of her own, her peculiar style of dress on the world at large.

Fashion, so called, has some droll secrets. The great Rachel, for instance, once bought, out of sheer good nature, from an embarrassed friend a big piece

of yellow silk. So striking did the famous actress appear in the resulting gown that almost every woman in her audience ordered a similar costume, so that the wholesale houses fortunate enough to have plenty of yellow in stock made a fortune.

Our house once created one of the most popular fashions womankind ever had—that of the overskirt, or *tablier*—because my grandfather saw how elegant was the figure of a washerwoman who had tucked up her humble frock over her petticoat.

From a washerwoman's gown to a scrap of age-old tapestry in an ancient church, a bit of Louis Quinze brocade in a curio shop, a Murillo Madonna in the Prado, the color scheme relieving a martyred saint, a touch of Gainsborough *coquetterie*—here are startling transitions by which one may gain some idea of the alertness of the true artist in dress, the creator of the modes.

But remember, each new touch, each nuance of novelty will not adorn all women. So much the reverse is the case that the most costly and exquisite gowns I make are creations designed just for one woman and her alone. For many of my American customers, too, I am obliged to invent gowns that have no replicas; for a woman of commanding social rank scarcely likes to meet in her own set another wearing a

gown at all like her own. I recommend each woman, therefore, to study her own requirements carefully, or to trust her dressmaker with the task if he understands his work.

Americans are excellent customers, inasmuch as they are constant to one dressmaker when he has succeeded in satisfying them. They do not, like the French, rush from one to another, but they return again and again for their *toilettes* to the same source.

The Russians, too, are magnificent in their love for rich materials, and their appreciation of the conceptions of the designer who is also a real artist in adapting the wearer to her robes, and *vice versa.* Since the war, however, prodigal expenditure by them has not been possible; but under normal circumstances the Russian woman realizes the importance of dress as an art, and never hesitates to spend upon her attire a sum adequate to secure the best and most superb results.

The Russian court, perhaps, surpassed all others in splendor, for the nobles possessed the hoarded wealth of generations. The Imperial Grand Duchesses and all the rest of the great ladies had their gowns made in Paris, though often from fabrics woven by the wonderful Moscow silk firm of Shapojnikoff. In Paris, by the way, you will often see a dozen foreign

royalties at once, which I suppose proves the proud boast of the storekeepers: *"Il n'y a que Paris!"* Modes and robes are worth at least fifty million dollars a year to Paris alone.

Individuality is with the Russian nation a very marked characteristic; but it is not the type of individuality that prefers mere spectacle rather than refinement; far otherwise. I should like all women to draw the lines between individuality and ostentation very palpably. A realization of it would save many blunders in dress.

It would also save the extraordinary sights seen at the summer resorts, where one woman vies with another to produce a sensation, caring little how she does it; diamond necklaces and ropes of pearls in the morning; low-cut gowns on the sands before lunch; bare ankles and sandals on the parade; the head uncovered by any hat *en automobile*. To apply the words of a great statesman, these things are worse than crimes; they are blunders!

Of all nations in the world, the French fall least into errors of this kind, because of their natural reasonableness and their general realization of good taste, which seems to be born in them. The veriest work-girl in Paris, as every traveled person knows, is a lesson to the wife of any millionaire in the world.

Behold one of our *midinettes*—neatly shod, in her black gown, tripping through the streets. Bareheaded she may be, but coifed with a chic it is delightful to behold, her hair as burnished and charmingly waved as if she were a duchess. Here is an object lesson in good taste, even if money is lacking.

Good taste is difficult to teach, but not to acquire by those who will take the trouble to conquer the elementary principles of logic, that legitimate governor of the world of dress, as of other spheres.

Chapter Three

Occasion Should Govern Clothes

IT may be protested that I am endeavoring to inculcate extravagance. But I am not, as you shall admit very shortly. I am trying to reconcile two of fashion's present demands—the one for individuality and the other for occasion. But in fact these two demands are really one. First, let me define "occasion."

In the morning we will admit the suitability of a tailor-made gown worn with a blouse of excessive neatness. Such a gown the American may wear at breakfast, in that respect differing from the Frenchwoman, who takes her chocolate alone in the seclusion of the boudoir, clad in a muslin or cashmere peignoir. But suppose there is a wedding, a charity bazaar, or a luncheon party to be attended; a drive *en automobile;* a hunt or a ride? Each occasion will determine the choice of attire.

Yet there are women who will go in tailor-made attire to an afternoon reception, or to that smartest of affairs in the eyes of the Frenchwoman, a wedding. Excuses of great number and variety the defaulter will find for herself if questioned. She will say, "This is

my new frock," or, "I haven't anything else fit to go in," or, again, "The day was dull," or, "The tailor-made is my choice, you know; I never wear anything else." All poor excuses, madame, not to be tolerated in any grade of society.

The governess, the employee who is earning the most modest of incomes, can do better with logic as her possession, for her wardrobe will contain all her requirements. And its items shall be at once individual and fitting to the occasion. One year she will add to her store a single evening costume and a single tailor-made frock in which to walk out with her pupils; the next she will find occasion to buy one afternoon gown of ceremony and perchance a big cloak suitable for the motor-car, the steamer, and railroad traveling. The third year will discover her intent upon the acquisition of a peignoir and additions to her store of lingerie.

Alas! You say, but what about the fashions? How can any self-respecting woman clothe herself in a last year's gown?

Oh, mesdames, that bugbear of fashion! Avoid it; turn away from it, and in time you will wonder how it could ever have terrified you! My contention as to the canonization of simplicity is my argument of defense; for if each frock, instead of being an epitome

of every fugitive craze of the hour, be in detail beautiful and becoming and of good and beautiful material, there will be no reason why, possibly with a little alteration, probably without any at all, the gown aged two, three or even four years may not be worn and look admirable.

I have said elsewhere that vogues and "crazes" are very fine for the dressmaker. When crinolines were worn years ago quite a simple frock would take thirty yards of stuff or sixty of thin material. Before me hangs a water-color of a dead queen in a fantastic gown made to simulate a huge bunch of violets. It was composed of over a hundred yards of silk taffeta, dyed in three shades of purple!

Never order fashions that date a dress, is my advice to the thrifty. When everybody is omitting sleeves, be more discreet. When skirts are so attenuated that walking is a difficulty, say to your dressmaker that you must have extra breadth in yours. And as a consolation for the deprivation, hug to yourself the truth that moderation is the watchword of the really good dressmaker, and exaggeration his detestation.

One of the first tasks the founder of the house of Worth set himself to accomplish was the demolition of the crinoline—a fashion that made women not only mountebanks, but a public nuisance. He quietly

despatched it into the limbo of things discarded; and despite the proverb that the whirligig of time brings back to vogue the modes of seven years before, it has never returned and never will in its entirety.

On the other hand, quiet elegance is never out of season. One of the most successful robes I ever made was as simple as could be. I called it a stupid gown when I told my patron, the well-known American lady, Mrs. V., how it was to be designed. At the same time I added that I should not let her know the price of it, because price was not to be a consideration. It was, although expensive, to be simple.

The gown was to be made of black net, thickly sewn all over with black diamonds—*simili,* we call them. Not the ordinary jet, you must understand, but a cut stone that scintillates like a diamond. Every stone for this gown was to be picked out from among its fellows by hand, so that the right-size faceting and effect might be secured. And each stone was to be sewn on the net by hand. The diamonds used were to be of graduated sizes, beginning very tiny at the *décolletage* and ending quite large at the hem of the dress.

Mrs. V. very much liked the little specimens I showed her on a doll and said she must have the gown. But she insisted on hearing what it was to cost, and I

told her at last that it would be a thousand dollars in American money, the simplicity notwithstanding. That made no difference, and the gown was sent home, to achieve an approbation and social triumph that was immense. It looked like a sheet of lustrous flame, for each black stone seemed to radiate a thousand lights.

And yet, it was simple; a mere sheath of a gown, that fitted the figure as closely as possible and was absolutely untrimmed!

I relate this little story as a proof of the power of fine materials, artistic attention to detail, and perfection of fit in the making of modes. For that gown in its lustrous loveliness and studious lack of composite ideas gained a victory that mere masses of different materials and trimmings, however beautiful individually, could never have possessed.

Repose in dress is what is desirable, just as repose in manner is a woman's best personal trait. But can this be taught? Not very easily; though the woman who realizes her need of it will learn it more quickly, even if naturally disposed toward quite the opposite characteristic, than the one who does not understand the bad impression which a noisy demeanor, a strident voïce, and attire in keeping with the part must produce upon the observant.

The black-diamond gown I have just been describ-

ing may be likened to a picture which is good throughout all time. Supposing the fabric to be of everlasting wear, so would the gown be. A gown should not be a garment to be cast aside at its wearer's caprice merely because the length of the skirt or the circumference of the sleeves fails to abide by what is called "fashion's latest decree." It should never look "out of date."

Glancing over a magazine the other day, I found an illustration of this difference between true and false beauty in dress in a photograph of a stately young American, who was then the Duchess of Marlborough, with her son at her knee, side by side with a number of so-called fashion plates that depicted the modes of the day, years later.

Oh, those modes! How ridiculous they did look! One was lost in wonder that sane women could ever have consented to cut so grotesque a figure in public or private. But the gown of the young Duchess might have been made and worn yesterday, since there was no iota of departure from the laws of real beauty to mar it. The skirt was not too tight to be decent; the sleeves did not mold the arms without a wrinkle, nor yet balloon out into immoderate size. Nor were any other *outré* touches of the moment's modes made manifest. Take my word for it, mesdames, fashion is not

a friend of women, but their pitfall and their enemy, to be conquered by studied avoidance.

Is it not true that most men, when they make any comment in detail concerning a woman's dress, lift up their voice to deplore some attribute to it that they do not like? A color that is too blatant, a feather that is absurd in its size, or some other detail that is equally grotesque forces a word of remonstrance from a man's lips. On the other hand, should he be satisfied with the general appearance of a gown, he will make no remark save, perhaps, "How pretty you are looking!" Not, be it noticed, "What a nice new frock you have on!"

Many a man almost offends his wife by taking no heed of entirely new clothes, and praising as if he saw it for the first time some resurrected *toilette* in which his wife is looking specially pretty at the moment.

Why, then, do women fly to that which is new and strange in costume? Can it be that they wish to arouse the envy of their fellow-women? Or must they satisfy a craze for novelty that does not speak at all well for their nerve and brain balance, but surely indicates a disposition toward mental breakdown? No sane person really wants the constant turmoil of change that

obsesses the woman of to-day and is the jarring note of the twentieth century in every department of life.

I will tell you a story that will show you how unreasonably insatiable some women are in their desire for sheer novelty. It was told me by one of the most renowned jewelers in Paris, who remodels the crowns of Europe and has the most fastidious among his clients. A lady came to him one day and asked to see the very latest tiara he had. It was shown and the design pleased the lady, who said it was really very beautiful. But, she asked, was it new?

Assured and reassured upon this point, she decided to buy it. And then suddenly she put a last question to the jeweler. "How old is it, precisely?" she asked, eagerly. She was told it had been three weeks in the establishment, and great was her chagrin thereat. "What! Three weeks!" cried she. "Why, I thought it might have been there only three days!" As even a fairly simple tiara takes three months to make, what matter whether it had been finished three days or three weeks ago? There could certainly be nothing newer.

Another proof of the age of the best designs, the intrinsically beautiful, is forthcoming. The world's great picture galleries, where the priceless portraits painted by the old masters are hung, are the most inspiring sources to which a designer of modes can re-

pair. Such great painters as Nattier, Madame Lebrun, Romney, Lawrence and Gainsborough serve again and again as aids to the costumer in color, design and trimming.

A visit to the vast galleries of the Louvre and to Versailles will yield the seeing eyes of a thousand ideas capable of being turned to excellent account; and the same may be said for any picture-gallery where old and beautiful portraits are to be seen.

It is humorous, however, to see how modern politics and happenings—and especially war—become reflected in woman's dress, and actually get grafted upon old historical designs. "Bulgarian trimmings" were seen on all sides during the Balkan War. Elimination and excessive simplicity came about through the deprivations of the Great War. Such strange unions of fashion and national events can only result in success when very deft skill is brought to bear upon the amalgamation. But they are approved, as a rule, because they are so "new." Oh, Novelty, what freaks are welcomed in thy name!

At the same time women who dress habitually like old pictures do, it is true, create an individuality for themselves; but they must be artists to adopt the plan with success. Ordinary women, and especially those who are called upon to go through life without the

circumstances of notable position, do well to avoid an appearance that is conspicuous, even though beautifully so.

Let me enlarge upon the fact that it is quite easy and very sensible to correct little errors of personal appearance or physique by means of the details of dress. If this be accomplished cleverly, two sisters, one short and chubby, the other tall and slender, may actually be dressed alike, even though the accessories they choose may not match at all.

The tall girl may add a large hat to her attire, which, if worn by her small sister, would bury her beneath it. Far too often the Amazon, so greatly embarrassed by her superfluous inches, makes the mistake of abjuring picture millinery in favor of tiny, flat, pill-box turbans that seem to cry aloud, "I am so tall already that I must not add half an inch to my stature!"

Her hat need not, indeed, have eccentric feathers sprouting erratically from it on every side, nor should it be aggressive as to color; that would be absurd. But it should be artistic as to line. The very tall girl may also wear scarfs that swathe the neck, or, should she require a coat, a model of three-quarter length will not cut her in two, as it would her smaller sister.

It is just the same in the case of the girl whose

throat is so thin that she cannot, without creating a painful impression, wear a frock with a deep *décolletage*. Let such a one order *toilettes* with a transparent low chemisette of flesh colored net or lace in which she will look eminently smart, instead of sacrificing herself upon the altar of fashion and looking positively ugly.

The guidance that comes from a mind trained to admire and reverence real beauty and perfection, be it simply that of a ribbon that is lovely in coloring or a truly exquisite silk—this is what you should strive to secure.

Making one type of fashion her own is a very precious resource to the woman of small means, if the style with which she identifies herself be truly the complement of her beauty instead of a deterrent. She must not shrink from altering it, however, when her glass tells her it is no longer becoming to her; she should remember that a pretty and youthful damsel will look well in modes which ten years later may be the very opposite of what she should wear if she desires to look her best.

It is far easier to make a long waist look short than a short waist look long. But the short girl who wants to look tall should not draw attention to her lack of inches by putting on an Empire costume belted

beneath the arms unless she is proportioned so exquisitely that even if she be only just over four feet, she is, in miniature, a Venus.

It is the girl who is not only short, but squat, who is in the most parlous state. Let her, however, try the effect of flowing skirts, quite untrimmed. Her bodice should be of medium length.

The straight frock will become the short woman vastly, particularly if she be lissome and have a pretty figure. For, although this type of frock has been, as a rule, understood as the prerogative of the tall and stately woman, it is by no means hers alone. The little woman should choose it for her wedding gown, made of thick white satin, and, I need not say, cut and fitted to perfection.

One year, in one week, I made nine bridal robes, each one cut *en princesse* and untrimmed. Is it to be supposed that each of these girls was of the same height? On the contrary, they were all of different builds as well as of varying height. And yet the result in each case was absolutely good.

One was the gown in which one of the greatest of your American heiresses went to the altar. It was as simple as it could be, with the long and distinguished lines that appertain to the fitted *princesse* frock left quite plain; for it would be a grave error to spoil such

by any adornment. The bride wore a profusion of blue diamonds about the throat. The simplicity I preach was here seen in all its austere perfection.

I maintain that the wedding gown cannot possibly be too simple. It is irreligious to make it look like a ball-gown, apart from the fact that it should symbolize innocence. For this reason satin is my acknowledged choice, instead of chiffon.

I well remember the first lapse from the dignity of dress as understood by a silken gown, so stiff and splendid that it would stand alone, with a collar to match, made by an actress of the Comédie Française, who wore a chiffon chemisette, greatly to the anger of my father. What he feared was that dress would cease to be an art; that it would become degraded and spoiled by such lapses into slovenliness.

Since that time other determining forces have been at work to depose dress from its high estate among women of intelligence and culture. For, though it must be admitted that the open-air life to which women of all grades of society are now devoted has benefited immensely the health and physique of femininity, it is undoubtedly the case that it has not exercised a good influence upon dress as an art. In truth, the craze for athletics has subjected women to a severe test of good taste, and that test has found them

sadly lacking in that rarest of all feminine instincts.

When bicycling was first introduced, what did we see? Two extremes of attire, and neither suitable for the sport. One was the attempt to ride in flimsy frocks and fly-away millinery, absolutely at war with the requisites of the pastime. The other revealed the banality of knickerbockers and, here in Paris, bare knees and short socks, in which our women looked like some new biped, and by no means a beautiful one!

But in course of time sweet Reason mounted her throne again, and with sanity came sense of suitability. Women donned the dust-brown tweed skirt-and-coat costume, specially cut to look well awheel. On their feet were neat brown leather shoes, with gloves to match, and on their head a simple sailor hat or a toque *en suite* with the smartly tailored frock.

I fear, however, that same tailor-made frock is destroying elegance. Many smart women would come down to dinner in a coat and skirt if they dared; and at races, frills and furbelows are found disagreeable on the grandstand or in crushes.

The use of the automobile, too, increased the lack of respect, if so it may be termed, with which dress deserves to be regarded by every right-minded woman. For they cannot consider the occasion, if they are to garb themselves suitably for a long drive across

country in an open car, and so they must needs be guilty of the bad taste of arriving at a friend's house to pay a call in wraps and headgear quite unsuitable —indeed, hardly complimentary for visiting. They imagine, I suppose, that the vehicle excuses the *toilette.*

Out of that trouble we are, however, passing, just as we did out of the bicycle *impasse.* For now the woman who can afford an auto drives in a limousine-fitted car, secure from dust and damp. She has, therefore, cast aside the ugly clothes in which it was at first considered necessary to envelop herself for a fast run, unless she is attired for long voyages. How is it, I wonder, that every new form of sport is misinterpreted by women into a command to dress unbecomingly? Novelty again, no doubt.

There can be beauty in everything, mesdames; for in one way beauty is suitability. And this brings me back to my contention that common sense should ever rule the aspirant to successful dressing. When she understands the requirements of what each occasion demands, she will have conquered the main difficulty that besets her, and be elegantly clad, whether she be rich or poor.

I admit there are many temptations spread before the modern woman to lure her from the path of tem-

perance in dress. She is confronted with cheap imitations of every fabric that is costly in its best and only likable interpretation; and she finds it difficult to choose what is good of its kind, though plain, rather than what is showy, but not of lasting worth.

Then, again, her desire for mere acquisition is worked upon by absurd sales, at which she buys bales of useless materials, soiled flowers and draggled plumage, to be contemplated months afterward with vague wonder as to what suitable use can be made of such trash!

Within the last few years, too, there have arisen establishments where second-hand frocks are sold, and to such places women flock who want to dress showily, heedless of the fact that their mothers and grandmothers would have spurned the mere suggestion of wearing cast-off clothing, as unworthy the contemplation of gentle-folk.

Even the so-called smart woman is now not above selling her once-worn frocks, or of wearing at a public place, such as a fashionable resort or race-meeting, a gown that has been lent her free for the day to advertise a new "creation." This is wholly unworthy of a lady and cannot be too sincerely deplored.

Instead of really looking like the women of the great world, whom they think they are imitating, those

who ape their clothes in this way are not really copying them at all. Put them into the foremost ranks of society where those of superb taste are seen, and the gayly plumaged are astounded not to behold even one of the latest fashions they expected to see in such whelming profusion!

Why is this?

Because those who design gowns for women of rank shun a mode that is universal and always adhere to restraint instead of exaggeration. My advice to every American girl is to adjure the *dernier cri*—the "latest thing." It is not worth your notice. It may well be ugly and vulgar. Robe yourself prettily, daintily, tastefully, in keeping with your position and the occasion. And wear good clothes. That is enough.

Spend time in training the mind to comprehend real beauty. It will be worth ever so much more to you than half a dozen haphazard new blouses or three or four new skirts that you will put on only once, or perhaps not at all; because such culture will help you to look elegant and to acquire that undefinable charm without which no woman looks well dressed. Instinctively, too, you will learn to draw the sure line between false and true; and when the vulgarities of some popular new fashion tempt you to fall a victim to some unworthy law, particularly unbecoming in

your case, you will be able to refuse it with sound sense, and triumph in the end over the geese and the sheep.

Remember that in all exaggeration there is danger, while modest restraint and swift intuition as to individual suitability mean a victory in subtle charm which the vulgar can never achieve.

JEAN WORTH.

Chapter Four

The Importance of Studying Type

THE study of clothes is a waste of mental vitality unless it follows the study of oneself. The costumery of the majority of women often reveals that its choice is not securely founded on knowledge of the figure, coloring, carriage, facial featuring and personality.

Lack of the proper conceit, a belief that one is wasting time by mirror study, a false and pernicious feeling of virtue when one contrives to buy a seasonal outfit in a morning's shopping, are reasons for a lack of shrewd and truthful knowledge of one's bodily defects and assets. It's a Puritan or Quaker inheritance, plus one hundred per cent Americanism, to try to hide from the public an undue regard of one's physical appearance.

This mental attitude does not prevent American women from buying more clothes than women of other nations, and it makes it possible for the ready-to-wear dress industry in this country to turn out a billion dollars worth of merchandise in one year.

But such reckless buying by the mass prevents the spending of vast sums of money with discretion and satisfaction. It prevents a woman from getting more than one entirely correct costume out of a dozen bad ones, if that. It is the reason for her constant and complaining wail that her clothes are never what she wishes them to be. The stupendous ready-to-wear industry of America has excellent merits; but the buyers do not bring the right mental attitude to it.

A woman considers the shape of her rooms, the light which falls from the windows, the height of the ceiling when she decides upon a scheme of decoration for the house. She does not buy curtains that merely please her eye in the shops, she does not get a carpet because of its cheapness at a bargain sale, she does not buy furniture which has no relation to the size of the rooms. She takes account of the light and dimensions of her house in a serious manner and buys whatever goes into it with whatever discretion and taste she can command.

Yet, when she approaches the task of buying clothes she does not follow this sane and sensible method. She does not study her physical type with the judgment and discernment she applies to her house; if she did, she would save money and avoid ill temper. The

failure to do this is our chiefest error in selecting clothes.

It is not necessary to ask advice about herself from all her friends. That method is conflicting. Let her accept the advice of one person in whom she has confidence and study herself before a triple mirror. Lacking that piece of furniture she could stand between two mirrors. The French say the American woman neglects her hand mirror. It is true. She may use it to regard her face closely in the light, but she does not use it to lingeringly regard the back of her head, her neck, her waistline.

She is apt to ignore the long mirror which betrays the set of the skirt, the appearance of the feet, the irregularities of carriage. If she would understand her type, not for reasons of conceit but for reasons of economy, good judgment and saving of vitality, these things she must do.

Also, she should study the portraits of women, old and modern, in an attempt to see a connection between herself and certain types who, in artists' hands, serve as models of their kind. She should watch with a keen eye the mistakes of women about her. Their defects may result in her improvement, for a woman must step upward by the mistakes of others plus her own.

It is important she should surrender to her type, not combat it. It is useless for her to fight against it or to foolishly indulge in the gentle art of self-deception. She must realize her limitations or she is a failure. If she is a brunette and stout, for example, she cannot select clothes with the personal idea that she is blond and slim.

There are ugly women who accentuate their ugliness with success. Such as these have impelled other women to emphasize their defects, to "dress up to them," to make virtue out of necessity. Such clever and daring work takes the eye and hand of an artist. There are many arguments for it. If it is not done capriciously it appears judicious. There is a general acceptance of the creed that each woman wishes to look a bit different from her companions and it is in the working out of this creed that women achieve success in dress. But they must have courage. Cowards fail. Every insurgent should keep in mind what the Frenchman Guinot said, that "eccentricity is the caricature of originality."

Anyone can stand the fact of ugliness and awkwardness if the mind works out a remedy for both. Physically, no woman is beyond the pale. Mlle. Polaire, an actress in Paris, insisted that her manager advertise

her as the ugliest woman in the world, and she not only enjoyed the distinction of being such, but she defeated criticism and gained fame. The public found piquancy and allure in her face and figure. It was better than she had said.

It takes good fighting blood in a woman to admit and emphasize defects. It takes artistry to turn them to good account. But if a woman can arrive at the modern conviction that "prettiness" is not the end and aim of womankind, she has gone far on the road to successful achievement.

Exactly why women struggle to be pretty is difficult to explain, unless it is an ancient creed forced upon them by the opinion of men. Always in young countries there is a desire for the pretty face rather than a striking appearance. As a nation grows older there comes a marked change in the opinions of both men and women. Each nation holds to its own idea of what constitutes a pretty woman. One who is considered lovely in America is often considered unattractive in France; those who like the Nordic style of beauty reject the standard of the Latins. A woman, however, who is strikingly well dressed and who presents a figure of importance, with or without beauty, makes an appeal to all nations. It is a case in which Art rises above Nature.

GIVE HEED TO THE HAIR

Whether or not the face is pretty, the head is the important point a woman must study. The manner of arranging the hair determines the effect of her face on the public. It is easier to choose clothes for any type of figure than to learn a way to make the best of one's hair. It is a question of fashion as of structural lines.

It is silly for a woman to claim she can only arrange her hair in one particular coiffure. It is absurd to insist on the continuance of the same coiffure during one's life. A certain arrangement above a young and unsophisticated face is usually destructive to the strength and thoughtfulness of a mature face. The Madonna coiffure of girlhood which makes untroubled eyes look more serene is a misfit above eyes that betray anxiety, trouble, sorrow. A careless coiffure of loose curls which may have been lovely above a fresh complexion and curving lips is grotesque when it frames a sallow face with sagging flesh and puckered lines.

Granting these mistakes which are committed through self-delusion, it is as injudicious to follow every phase of fashion in hair arrangement as to keep a girl's coiffure above a woman's face. Barbers change these fashions as rapidly as dressmakers

change styles in gowns. Simply contrive to keep step with your years.

Among fashionable folk there has never been an era of simplicity and negligence in arranging the hair. The youthful Juliet worked unceasingly on her coiffure and caps. The young Scotch Queen of France, Mary Stuart, thought more of her pointed cap and the points of beauty on her forehead than of her reputation. Ancient Oriental races have decorated the hair since the birth of intelligence. Cannibals of the South Sea Islands, not having clothes to worry them, diligently attend to the adornment of their heads.

We have no history of how the cave woman arranged her hair, but from the hour that intelligence in the human race began, there have been fashions in coiffures. No race of women escapes this ancient instinct. Men, who for centuries were inordinately vain and whimsical concerning their coiffures, ceased to care since they clipped their locks, but women continue to spend much time on their hair, even when fashion persuades them to cut it short.

THE STUDY OF THE STRUCTURE

When a woman has studied her face and the shape of her head sufficiently to arrange a coiffure that

brings out the best in her, she may turn with a sigh of relief to the critical study of her figure.

She could begin at the neckline for it is a wise plan to proceed from crown to heel in the study of type. The shape of the shoe is important, but it is the last item to be worked out.

Prevailing fashion must suggest the arrangement of the neckline. No woman can escape that irksome truth. But she can learn what to avoid and what to accept. The arrangement of cloth about neck and shoulders is as important as the shaping of the hair; it has a like effect on the face. A woman can effect a compromise between fashion and her particular necessity, but to run full tilt against prevailing style is perverse.

Fashion passes through phases of high collars and low ones; of high and low *décolletage*, of oblong, square, round and V-shaped openings. Each woman must make the best of such phases according to her need. If she continues to wear a high, stiffly boned collar to hide a wrinkled neck when other women have discarded it, she destroys her effectiveness.

It is not a simple matter to adjust the clothes of the hour to the different figures which Nature gives. In some eras it is fashionable to be fat. In other epochs it is fashionable to be thin. The post-war period

brought in emaciation and created a particular epoch that will animate the history of clothes along with the Italian Renaissance, the First and Second Empire, the Civil-War period in America.

No one attempts to standardize the figures of women. Any effort in this work has not met with success. On physical changes thrive a powerful horde of remedialists who cater to women's vanity and to their necessities. On its periodic changes, also, live the clothes-builders.

Possibly the most startling and historic changes in the figure were achieved by Paris women immediately after the war when the pendulum swung from thin to fat and back to thin. Probably, it was a dramatic French gesture to indicate a lack and supply of nourishment. The fat phase of smart Parisiennes began immediately after the Peace Treaty was signed. They discarded corsets, omitted stockings, adopted one-piece frocks shaped like coffee sacks. They delighted to bulge. They made the most of unsuppressed and conspicuous curves. As always after a great war in France, dancing became the pastime of the hour, and for the first time in history Frenchwomen presented a grotesque physical appearance while pursuing their national pleasure. They adopted

the "jazz" of our colored troops and when they cut their capers they shook like bowls of jelly.

American women did not follow this ugly phase of fashion with enthusiasm, but they did permit themselves to be persuaded away from corsets. French women were supposed to be proud of their flesh because it proclaimed that nourishment was plentiful after four years of deprivation. American women, who followed the fashion without any reason for it, revolted after a few months of experiment.

The pendulum then swung to the farthest point in the other direction. Emaciation became the fashion. Not mere thinness, but a skeletonized condition that had never before been praised as a physical asset. It was achieved through rigid sacrifice and doctors considered it the healthiest fashion in women's lives. It was proclaimed the ideal physical state. Self-indulgence was banished. Diet and exercise hardened the body and kept the blood circulating.

This is a slight summary of the drastic changes that have occurred recently in the physical aspect of women. It is briefly outlined here to show that standardization of the figure appears impossible. Therefore women must be physically plastic. They are called upon to achieve the contour of the period by whatever means possible without injuring health. If

it can't be done naturally, artificial aid must be given by clothes.

There must be no self-deception when a woman begins the analytical study of her figure. If she deludes herself by thinking her waistline is long when it is short, if she deceives herself by thinking her neck is swan-like when it has rolls of flesh behind the ears, if she believes her shoulders are sloping as those of the Empress Eugénie when they are as square as those of Boadicea, she will keep her mind in a continual state of exasperation through wrong and ill-fitting clothes.

In realizing the limitations of the figure a tape measure is as reliable an aid against self-deception as the double or triple mirror is to knowledge of the head contour.

It is possible that a woman may accentuate, without disaster, the defects in her face, but it is well for her not to emphasize the actual defects of her figure, even though she surrender to her contour. If her shoulders slope, then blouses and coats must not be padded to make her square; their seams must follow the lines of her body. If she is broad-shouldered and bulky, she should use a modified kimono type of sleeve with discretion. If her waist is short, she must lengthen the lines of fabric that go over it, thus

ignoring Nature. If fashion permits First Empire contours, she can follow them without anxiety.

If arms are long, she should not attempt to shorten them by elbow or three-quarter sleeves. If legs are long, also, she must not shorten them with abbreviated skirts. When both arms and legs are short, when the waist is bulky and inflexible, when ankles are badly turned and wrists are thick, then it is not advisable to accentuate such defects. They do not possess virtue. So they must be hidden.

Sententiously stated, the woman with a long, thin, flexible figure can let Nature alone. The short, thick, inflexible figure must appeal to the arts of concealment.

There is another type of figure that requires skillful dressing. It is tall, broad, heavy; somewhat primitive. It has not the sharp defects in measurement of the short, stout figure. It is not inflexible if left to Nature. It possesses a kind of majesty when art is applied. Yet it brings despair to its possessor during the long periods of fashion when boyish simplicity appeals to the short, thin figure, and when twisted fabrics in Greek and Oriental drapery appeal to the tall, thin figure.

The mistake commonly made by women who possess the large, well padded frame is to compress the flesh

instead of distributing it; to corset the torso tightly no matter how corsetless other women are; to approach with trepidation any conspicuous change in fashion. It is a strange freak of psychology, also, that women possessing such figures standardize their costumery. They are ridden by an obsession that they cannot change their particular mode of dressing. Invariably they achieve an appearance of solidity instead of flexibility, of perpetuity in fashion instead of evanescence. They look tightly bound and confined. They are the kind who will not permit a hair out of place.

What such women actually need is looseness of contour. They should strive to achieve the floating, graceful ease of the mediæval type. They should avoid hard, sharp lines.

Grecian women were the best physical models of this type, and being the supreme dress artists in the world's history, they established for all time the demand for flexibility. One who studies the Tanagra figurines, those fascinating little fashion plates worked in clay and terra cotta during the supremacy of Greece, realizes that no designer has invented better apparel for big women.

It is not possible for American women of this generation to go about the streets in the clothes of

Egeria, but the lines and contour of Greek drapery, when modernized to suit our manner of living, impart grace and flexibility to large figures without sacrificing the dignity necessary to such women.

No designer of clothes differs from this opinion. The Queen of Spain and the Queen of Rumania are of this physical type and they never release from their costumery the fundamental idea of Grecian drapery.

I remember sitting in a private room near the Queen of Spain, *chez* Paul Poiret in Paris, when, with her *entourage* of men and women, she was choosing clothes. Tall, stately, blonde, she was the type to wear the robes of Egeria. Poiret did not hesitate in his choice of what she should wear. Neither did she. Their selection was crêpe de Chine gowns, usually white, fashioned with skillful drapery and to be worn with her strings of superb pearls.

The night the Queen of Rumania presented her fairy tale in the Paris Opera House she wore a Grecian gown and long, draped cape of white crêpe de Chine with a mauve orchid caught in the waist drapery. The vast audience who regarded her felt she might be a Greek come to life.

These two Queens know their type. They do not attempt to look like *gamines*. They do not try to suppress the size or majesty of their splendidly proportioned bodies.

Chapter Five

The Wage Earner's Sartorial Struggle

IT is more important for a wage earner to know how to dress than for women who lead more secluded lives. As she pays her own bills, she is supposed to know something of business. Naturally, she has a disquieting sense of humiliation when she spends the dress allowance unwisely.

This mental attitude is partly true of the woman whose husband pays her dress bills out of a small income, but the wage earner has not time to remedy her mistakes and the other woman has. The former must make the best of her failures, if she does not exercise judgment to avoid them. Women with leisure can re-shape their failures.

No woman can go about with a sandwich placard on her back which proclaims to the public that she is aware her gown is wrong as she bought it in a hurry. We of the twentieth century describe a carelessly dressed woman as one "who looks as though she bought her clothes in the afternoon," and a wage earner might transpose this phrase by saying her clothes look as though she bought them during the

lunch hour, which is precisely what many wage earners do. It is their one free hour during the day.

There is a time-clock in many establishments where women work. It marks their entrance and exit. Therefore, wage earners hurriedly pay more than they can afford for clothes bought during the lunch hour, fearing the time-clock will proclaim them late at their task. Whether or not an employer gets the best work by this method in business is not to the point; with the entrance of thousands of women into wage-earning fields there arose the apparent necessity to govern and restrict their hours. The time-clock levels them into one class, no matter what their talents, social position or habits in private life.

Such strict limitation in freedom makes the buying of clothes by a worker a difficult task. She annually confronts these two horns of a dilemma: how can she eat enough to keep herself nourished if she must economize in time by swallowing a chocolate éclair and gulping a cup of coffee; and how can she buy the necessary clothes in the lunch hour and eat slowly and well?

Reduced to its essentials, this is the anxious problem of the average woman who makes and spends her own money.

A well-meaning old lady once asked a chorus girl

what was the most disturbing factor in her stage life—meaning morals, of course. The girl answered, "A Jacob's ladder in a new pair of silk stockings." If a welfare worker put the same question to a wage earner, she would answer: "Getting good clothes and good food during the lunch hour."

THE TILT AGAINST ECONOMY

Advice as to the best clothes to be worn by a wage earner is made difficult by the several sub-divisions into which women workers fall. Socially and financially each group differs from the other as do the stars.

The ranks are filled each year with recruits from every class of society. The striving of women to earn money is one powerful social movement of the era, its importance emphasized because it leads onward to new world conditions. It is the fashion to be a wheel in industry when it is not a necessity. The rich wish to work for excitement or diversion. The woman on a small income in this era of amazing incomes wishes to add to what she has by selling her time and talent. The young, restless generation want to work for pleasure and curiosity, or to avoid housework, and another large group of unmarried women work to

be independent of the over-burdened men of the family.

The older generation condemns the men of this era because they permit their women-folk to work in public, but the young man with sisters looks upon such views with the contempt and indifference he would give to the laws of the Medes and Persians—if he knew of them. When a country begins to throw off its swaddling clothes it disposes of certain symbols of chivalry. It recognizes their cruelty.

No young woman of this stirring generation intends to condemn herself to poverty or obscurity until she is married. She disregards the tradition of centuries that woman's work should be confined to the home; that obscurity and sacrifice are better than working in public for money. To-day there is great pride in not being a burden on the men. There is actually creeping into us a belief that the French national doctrine of a wife taking her part as a financial helpmate to the husband is a sound economic arrangement. One frequently hears from our insurgents the phrase: "A non-producing consumer has no place in the scheme of existence."

There are many reasons for the astounding army of women workers which the war encouraged and developed. Women who have found freedom from

irritating economy in their ability to make money and to control it will never again be content with the ancient dreary treadmill of life. In addition to money earned and greater freedom from sordid economy and sensitive shrinking from one's friends, women have learned to like the excitement of public life. They need the stimulus of contact with active, fearless men and women. They yearn for the pressure of the crowd. They are incurably restless within the four walls of a house. Antagonism does not change the condition.

Such women have grown to be symbols of the entire race of American womanhood which, rich or fashionable, maid or matron, has forsaken the hearth for the highway, the parlor for the market-place; if not for wages, then as citizens—welfare workers. In America we count them by the millions, not by the hundreds.

This exposition of the feminine situation in the network of American life is a deliberate attempt to prove how important is the subject of clothes for the wage earners. The outstanding fact is that they must dress well every day. There can be no "Sunday best" of our immediate ancestors.

It is through such women that the ready-to-wear clothing industry was able to produce and sell a bil-

lion dollars worth of merchandise in 1922. That in itself is a staggering fact.

A wage earner must link fashion with utility in her clothes. Whatever is ugly must be barred. Whatever is extravagant must be *tabu*, unless it is necessary to get one lovely thing too tempting to avoid, and balance the budget by economy in other things.

If such precepts were practised, American women workers would not be the target for disagreeable comment, as they now are. There is expressed antagonism toward the clothes worn by the mass of young wage-earning girls and continuous propaganda against it, so far without result.

An English officer studying industrial conditions here, one who is familiar with conditions of working women in France and England, was asked his opinion of this class in the United States. He made a gesture of horror and said: "If wage earners in England and France dressed as your working women do, they would be arrested or discharged!" He thinks our costumes are lacking in dignity, that they are immodest, in shocking bad taste, an outrage to eye and senses. He detailed our abbreviated skirts, slinking carriage, dancing slippers in the streets, transparent silk stockings, exaggerated coiffures, the painting of lips and chalking of chin, the cheap bracelets clashing

on arms and the lack of gloves in streets at noonday. "Cheap, tawdry, grotesque," he said.

Asked for a remedy, he answered, emphatically: "Uniforms. If you don't demand dignity of appearance in your rapidly growing wage earning class, you will cheapen the standards of the new type of woman." He was perplexed at the laughter that greeted his answer. "Imagine American women in standard uniforms!" said men and women gathered at a dinner table. "They wore them in the war," commented the officer, "and were vastly pleased with themselves, too."

"That was an adventure," explained the women. "Work is a daily grind. The wage earner wants to wear the latest fashion as other women do. That is why most of them work. Clothes are their recreation. Put them in uniforms and you run the risk of destroying the female industrial class in this country."

RECREATION IN CLOTHES

One who is familiar with the crowded industrial centers of large American cities is aware of the truth of the British investigator's accusation. It is not easy to find a well-dressed class of wage earners between the low- and high-salaried workers. The latter group

dress according to their environment and usually go to high-priced dressmakers. The former class support the cheapest garment sellers who are the chief distributors of extreme and eccentric Paris fashions *en masse*. It is this class which is mainly responsible for the four trips a year to France made by garment manufacturers who sell fantastic styles at zero prices.

There is little use in trying to effect a reform among this particular set of workers. Education may do it, gradually. They are the apotheosis of the newest coiffure, the most conspicuous frock for the office or counter, the string of pearls for the noon lunch hour, the footlight shoes of France for the sunlit sidewalks.

The high-salaried class of workers rarely economize. They are often more extravagant than rich women; they pay high prices to save their vitality, they seldom follow the caprices of Paris, yet even they are rarely happy in their choice of clothes.

WAGE EARNERS IN SOCIAL LIFE

Their social activities and the manner in which their incomes permit them to live are conditions that compel them to appear on a level with women who lead leisured and fashionable lives. Yet the concentration which their important work demands prevents

them from fighting to a finish the complex problems of good dressing.

A genuinely interested dressmaker is one of life's best prizes to the wage earner, but it is asking much of human nature to give keen attention and inspiration to a patron who does not buy heavily or one who is apt to make the best of her mistakes by careless acquiescence instead of buying new clothes as a remedy.

Probably it may be well to ignore both these classes under discussion when suggesting a workable scheme of clothes for the wage earner. Between the upper and the lower salaried groups there is a great, struggling sector of women trying to look the best on the least money, with the greatest saving in time and vitality.

THE SUCCESS OF A SCHEME

To this class the most emphatic advice is to work out a strict and careful scheme for each season's clothes, building on a foundation stone of knowledge and certainty of one's needs, one's type, one's business and social activities.

Whether one uses taxis or street cars, trains or subways, is a determining factor in the choice of every garment bought.

It is only through a well-planned scheme that a wage earner can avoid a life of errors. If she has no definite plan, if she is beckoned hither and yon by succeeding fashions, if she is stirred by futile suggestions from various sources, her successive wardrobes will be an accumulation of failures.

Each wage earner should aim for individuality. It is not necessary that she should be as an atom among atoms. She need not dress differently from all her neighbors nor be conspicuous in her clothes, but she should adopt a rule of dress. The style may be commonplace or a trifle eccentric, it may be designed by an individual dressmaker, or it may be made at home or bought in the shops. The main point is to work out a definite scheme, to hold to it and not be led by impatience or curiosity into other channels where there are perilous rocks and sandbars.

The woman who, with a half hidden air of superiority, asserts that any coat, skirt and blouse do well enough for her is either false or foolish. If she insists that personality alone counts, that costumery is a negligible manifestation of oneself, she talks vainly. If she proclaims that her scheme of dressing rests on a tailored effect and that she finds a coat-suit with varying blouses the safest medium through which to express her type, she speaks as a sensible woman.

Whatever she says about her type and its particular needs commands the interest of the expert. She is talking then as one with "clothes intelligence."

WORKING CLOTHES NOT FOR SOCIAL LIFE

Many wage earners meet all the requirements of working hours with a good scheme of dress, but are at a loss how to devise social clothes and how much money to divert to them. It is a well-known fact that the average wage earner who looks well-dressed for business is not always a success in the gay fripperies demanded by social life. She is often smart in her office and dowdy at a dance. She is impressive behind a desk and self-conscious at a dinner party. The reason is plain. In one element she is sure of herself; in the other, she is not.

To such women the best advice is: Be extravagant in the purchase of informal and formal social frocks, if you go to social affairs. Both should be well built and correctly fashioned, even if the material is not of the best quality. The needed accessories, such as slippers, stockings and gloves, should be bought to serve these gowns. They must not be exaggerated in style, nor should they be cheap. Nothing about the

costume should suggest that one is in an unfamiliar element.

The very reason that a woman is a wage earner should impel her to dress as a social entity when she enters the social atmosphere, whether or not she has social position. This is a truth often forgotten by many classes of workers. They over-dress, or they dress with a certain bravado of carelessness. Both are evidences of bad taste.

The important thing is that a woman should accomplish through the process of spending money, of suggestion, or of untiring effort, an effect at evening gayeties which does not draw upon her any criticism of awkwardness and ignorance. She must contrive to be a part of the atmosphere.

No wage earner wants it said that she does not know how to wear clothes that suggest familiarity with a life of leisure. This feeling may be purely American; it may spring from pride, vanity or egotism, but we must reckon with fact, not theory. And it is not only a woman who is miserable in the wrong clothes in a social atmosphere; a man is an abject wretch under these circumstances. The feeling is human. It has naught to do with sex.

A wage earner should make up her mind to dif-

ferentiate her two schemes of dressing. She is successful in both only if she draws a sharp dividing line between them. Life will be happier if she does not economize too sharply on the clothes which are least worn.

Few social costumes are needed by one who does not make society a chief pastime; but for the pride's sake those few should not only be good, but should bear comparison with the clothes of women whose lives are spent in society. If conservatively chosen, they need not be renewed each season. If a woman who works wants the excitement of buying a gown that is limited to one season because of its extreme cut and brilliant color, she should be permitted such indulgence. But it must be episodic, not habitual. It is a poor path to follow.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ACCESSORIES

It is not in a frequent change of clothes, but in their fitness for each occasion, that a woman achieves the reputation of being well dressed. The wage earner must abide by this decree. The fact that she works in the day does not permit her to wear an office tailored-suit to an afternoon wedding reception or go to dinner in a wash blouse and skirt. Some

there are who permit themselves such indulgence, assuming a pose of carelessness, but the public looks askance at them. Good taste forbids it and in the chaos and confusion of clothes, good taste rules the well-dressed woman. She is never apparelled above or beneath it.

It is in the assembling of various parts of a costume that the average wage earner makes serious mistakes. She is apt to ignore or to economize on accessories to a suit or gown. She may buy cheap slippers in order to have more money to put into a wrap and she does not buy slippers or stockings with thought of their suitability to all her evening costumery.

She does not assemble the proper underwear for evening clothes. She wears chemises or shirts with the wrong kind of straps. She lets one corset do for day and evening. Such mistakes spoil her pleasure. They send her to a party in an irritable temper and cause her to return in a vexatious state of mind.

There are women who buy black satin slippers for every occasion of gayety, which is a foolish plan unless they choose black for every evening gown. Black satin slippers show service more quickly than brocade, tinsel, or silver ones, and the latter have the advantage of harmonizing with all gowns and wraps.

It is not necessary to dye slippers and stockings to match frocks. It is economy to buy both these accessories at a good price, in neutral shades, and make them serve until they are too shabby for further use.

Chapter Six

The Luck of Thin Women

THERE was a time in the scheme of fashion when the pale, anæmic type of woman had no hope to make her impression as a smartly-frocked person. She had reason for discouragement. Suddenly, out of the sartorial skies, her chance came when France made it fashionable to look anæmic after four years of fighting, because a well-nourished face was not patriotic. Paris, always dramatic!

As France sways the world in dress so she sways the physical appearance of women, and one of the many things the first battle of the Marne did was to bring into fashion the pale woman. Red cheeks were whitened, even if lips were reddened. The woman who looked anæmic might be as strong as iron, for doctors have proved that color in the cheeks is not necessarily a sign of health; but sick or well, the pale woman was suddenly swirled to the pinnacle of fashion. For years she has held her position as the enviable type, the kind for whom smart clothes are built. In our present historical era she is the one who can make the most of fashion

as it exists because fashion is designed especially for her, let follow who will.

It may be discourteous to suggest in this connection that every dog has his day, but the phrase slips out when discussing the attenuated, whitened class of women. After the fall of Jane Austen's heroines the world pedestaled the vivid woman. Now it looks askance at her coloring, but it demands a fine measure of health in her successor.

The remarkable fact concerning pale women is the amazing virility, endurance, and evident organic health of this type. It is difficult to explain. Doctors take it under serious consideration. Those who write at length on the ever-absorbing topic of health—which is the outstanding fetich of this generation—never fail to settle upon the new, frail type of fashionable woman as the basis of argument.

Those who speak according to tradition and write of the past and not the present, point to the thin, pale type as one to be avoided. Such as these counsel fruit, fresh water, open air exercise, making the commonplace utterances of those who do not move along with world currents.

The truth is that as a rule this type can stand more punishment than the florid woman, or one of large structure, or of red cheeks and well-covered bones.

Frail as she appears, she is usually more enduring than the pronounced athletic type. Women of this drooping, undulating structure often bear children of strength, weight, and health without devastating their own physical structure. They are able to stand nervous strain better than the full-blooded woman.

The reasons behind such amazing endurance have not been explained. Probably the type confuses students, for it disproves that which they wish to urge upon our sex. But that phase of it lies with the doctors; why her type governs the output of clothes is easily explained. She is the delight of the creative dressmaker because one can take any liberty with her lack of coloring and her slender, swaying surfaces. She presents the ideal skeleton.

Neither dressmakers nor designers who create our fashions debate this subject. They care little for its complexities. They are not students of biology and nervous resistance. They concentrate on the thing which best expresses their art and makes their commercial fortune, and they say this type is the perfect one to dress. The admission opens a wide viewpoint. It discloses in the twinkling of an eye the actual reason why women who wish to be fashionably dressed cling to natural emaciation, and why all other women

strive to be like them through diet, exercise, and sacrifices of various kinds.

The concentration of fashion-makers upon the woman once considered a failure, and who to-day is considered the highest type of fashion, is a fact that governs the food question and our manner of life; it reaches its tentacles into all the various paths and channels of women's activities.

As a rule this type has a narrow, shallow chest; rounded, sloping shoulders; a spinal column rarely straight and never rigid, an absence of curves, but strange to say it has sturdy legs. Below the knees the body presents a striking contrast to the portion above the knees. In this fact, say the doctors, lies the strength of the type. Those who study anatomy say the legs indicate bodily endurance, not the size of chest or waist. Thus is another tradition thrown to the waves as superfluous ballast

The middle-aged version of this emaciated type, however, is usually thin from neck to heels. Her body was not developed through the open-air activities of modern life. She did not dance several times a week, nor play golf and tennis, she did not walk a certain distance every day for her health. The Daily Dozen were unknown.

The thin, white youngster glories in her structure,

but the older woman of this type has not learned to realize she is in the best of fashion and that there is no need to bolster up her figure, that all she need do is to offer her structure as it is to the whims of designers of modern clothes.

The majority of thin young women model themselves on certain personalities who have blazed the path. Mrs. Vernon Castle in America and Eve Lavallière in Paris went through the world like female Pied Pipers of Hamelin, so great was their following of the youth of the land.

History is full of such women. Mme. de Castiglione was one. Camargo was another. Mrs. Siddon and Mme. Recamier, when young, were glorious examples of their day. Their lesser rivals, Mme. Tallien and Josephine of the Directoire, and later the First Empire, controlled the clothes of Europe through their type. The influence of Mary of Scotland has not ceased to this day. It must have been powerful indeed when she was the alluring young Queen of France. Beatrice d'Este, in old Italian history, produced a generation of women like unto herself. Catherine Sforza, who moulded fashion in her epoch, left to posterity three hundred and fifty recipes for slender bodily perfection.

Designers of clothes encourage pale, thin women

of to-day to make the best of cosmetics. One wonders why they should use rouge when they are avoiding the look of vigor. The short cut to a conclusion is nearer the truth than most argument; it is that the French have taught Americans that Nature puts its color in the wrong place and Art rights that wrong. Most Americans know this secret now and abide by it. They put color where it gives the best facial expression, which is an ancient art of the Orientals.

Americans have learned they can make up their faces to suit any type of costume, provided they have a bony white structure to work on. Such a face is easily used as a foundation for applied art, whereas the woman with a florid, vivid face can only apply whitewash which, whatever its value on a fence, is not attractive on a face.

Pulpiteers and reformers, in their tilt against modern vanities, like to limit the painted faces to the rich and fashionable or to those without character or industry. Often they mention, loosely, the name of the Biblical Jezebel. But those who know women realize they will buy cosmetics even if they must go without lunch; and they use them in the name of art, not in the name of perversity.

It is in the prohibition of applied cosmetics that the old-fashioned anæmic type differs from the new

fragile type. The woman of fifty years who was brought up in the old school of convention would not or could not turn herself into the dashing thin woman who follows the fashions of the hour. She would not wear strikingly cut clothes to exploit her emaciation, nor put a line of red on her lips to soften their contour, nor have her hair permanently curled to tumble it about her face in the coiffure which the French invented after the Great War in memory of escape from the guillotine.

DRESSING UP TO THE TYPE

Fashion designers say to pale, thin women: Dress up to your type. Wear striking clothes. Do not be Jenny Wrens. Accentuate your thinness, your whiteness. Exploit the droop of the figure, the slope of the shoulders. Do not eat to grow fat. Do not exercise to bring red to the cheeks. Keep down the blood pressure. Then, and only then can we dress you as we dress no other type in the world. For you we can design the amazing clothes to make you envied of all women.

A young woman willingly takes such advice. Older women will be fearful of it. Yet if the latter would succeed in their clothes they must make the

best of themselves according to the dictates of the dressmaker. They must learn to be aware of their merits and virtues. They must not conceal, explain, or be ashamed. It is the new creed.

If they dress demurely, if they avoid a touch of rouge or powder, if they let wisps of hair hang limply over a white, bony face, if they put frills across the bust and padding in the shoulders, they put themselves out of the picture of this era. They are failures. They have lost their chance.

An anæmic woman must avoid neutral tones unless she is an artist in applied cosmetics. She must omit gray, mauve, and black unless they are brilliantly enhanced and conspicuously cut. If her hair has not color and lustre, she must go against scarlet, purple, and vivid green; if her hair permits and her eyes have not lost their keenness, she should swing these colors defiantly in the public eye. A softening line of red on the lips permits her to do much with colors once forbidden her type.

Her skirts must be short or trail on the floor, but they must do one or the other. Her sleeves may be wrist length or two inches from the shoulders, but they must not be elbow or three-quarter length. Such compromises are ugly.

Her hats may cut many capers and dash out at

many angles, provided she knows how to arrange her hair, but she should remember that brims to shadow the eyes add to the lure of her face.

She can dare to wear jewelry which the large and highly colored woman must regard as a peril. Her thin neck and small shoulders are unsubstantial but artistic foundations for strings of pearls or colored beads. The thin arms can hold many bracelets. Her small face, with its bone structure outlined, permits extravagant earrings.

She can adopt crinoline or reduce her draperies to Grecian simplicity. The bizarre was invented for her. Her life need not be one of elimination and self-sacrifice in costumery. It may be one of accumulation and self-indulgence. She is a lucky woman. Yet thousands of her type need to be convinced of their luck. They still despair.

BUILDING UP THE NECK

Where the attenuated woman no longer young, encounters difficulty it is in the half-low afternoon frock or the wholly low evening frock.

Often the neck and upper chest present too much framework of bone to be attractive. When collar bones stand out in rigid lines, when there are ugly

hollows on each side, when bones do not merge into the shoulders with grace and smoothness, one is compelled to treat the chest and neck with dexterity and sophistication.

The task is not as difficult as that which confronts the stout woman whose shoulders are too well-padded, who carries a ridge of flesh at back of neck, whose skin is purplish. Yet each woman must contrive to conceal the defects that exist, choosing different methods.

The scarf of tulle, of figured silk, of fluffy marabou shuttles in and out the web of fashion as first aid to the overly slender chest and shoulder, but when out of style it is so utterly discarded by those who mold fashion that it cannot be depended upon for aid. There are few eras, however, in which a fur scarf is not permissible, although weather and temperature are important factors in its use.

Women who steadfastly cling to a high collar of net to conceal a scrawny neck are not wise. It is an ungracious adjunct to the figure and to the costume and it pushes whatever flesh there is into an ugly line under chin and ears. A jewelled dog collar, a band of black velvet often give the same ungracious effect. A slender ribbon of black velvet, not too tightly drawn, and fastened with a flat jewelled slide, has

merit if it is not worn in the middle of the neck. To get its full benefit, it should be worn nearer the chin than the chest.

Any rigid line around the neck is not good. This fact should be accepted by the thin and the stout woman. The shoulders stand hard lines better than the neck. The best disguise to wrinkles, hollows, and bones are necklaces. Three or four strings of pearls can be worn, also any softly toned jewels that appear to sink into the flesh. Artificial pearls are exquisitely fashioned these days and not even the most haughty women refuse to wear them. Several graduated strands are better than a single rope.

A long string of small pearls carelessly wound around the neck several times, the loops successively longer in front, most graciously conceals defects of the neck. It is as ancient as Babylon, as artistic as China. It was revived into modern fashion during the post-war period when women adopted the Oriental fashion of covering the bare spaces of the body with jewels, real and artificial, doing it with such abandon and lack of good taste that all jewelry was commonized.

A careless winding of small pearls around the neck is a fashion that many women should indulge in the day as in the night. It is the salvation of

the thin and wrinkled neck, but it should be avoided by one whose neck is short and stout.

It is necessary for a woman with a full or short neck to wear graduated pearls, the tiny ones placed behind the ears, but the woman with a thin neck need not choose so discreetly. The small size of her neck permits large pearls to go at the back without disaster. By the same reasoning she can wear round stones and need not limit necklaces to flat ones. The woman with a stout neck must pick the tiniest jewels for that part of the necklace that reaches above and behind the collar bone, and if she has a bulge of flesh at nape of neck the clasp of the necklace must be flat, oblong, inconspicuous.

On a thin neck the clasp may be large, circular and protuberant, for it is better to see jewels resting against bones than sinking between rolls of flesh.

A GOOD USE OF NET YOKES

The house of Callot in Paris which, because of the three sisters who ruled it has been called the house of "The Three Fates," made a gracious contribution to the thin neck and bony chest which remains as an excellent fashion. Whoever wants to cover the defects of the shoulders should use it. It

is a yoke of flesh-colored net, not pink or white. (Remember, there is a decided difference between flesh-pink and flesh-color.) It is tightly stretched across the skin to conceal its identity; there are no sharp edges to outline it; a tiny picot-edge permits it to sink into the skin. It enhances the color of the flesh beneath, it smooths out the hollows and casts a glamour over bones.

Mark you well, this yoke does not reach to base of neck, but rises sufficiently upward over the chest to do the necessary work of softening and concealment. It is used as a foundation for exceedingly décolleté gowns. It permits the scrawny woman to take liberties with her bodice. It overcomes her single obstacle to successful evening dressing.

Chapter Seven

Clothes for the Fat Florid Woman

THE fourth type of woman who is difficult to dress is rarely pleased with her appearance. She is tall, she is stout, she is large in frame and highly colored. Both figure and coloring suggest three nourishing meals a day, with sugared pastry instead of dry toast at the tea hour.

Invariably this woman loves the pleasures of life. She should be happy, but when she considers clothes, is easily discouraged. She cannot wear what the short, stout, bulky woman wears, whose figure is probably out of gear through carelessness and lack of correct exercise and proper corsets; she cannot adopt the clothes of the thin, wrinkled type which shows emaciation; the long, sweeping draperies of the large-structured Nordic type are too sensational, too classic for her figure and carriage.

The fat florid woman faces a perilous problem in clothes from girlhood to old age—one she rarely solves with complete satisfaction. As a rule she is not the kind who easily submits to diet, to sacrifice of any kind, for, being well and happy, she admits

no urgent reason to risk the destruction of these excellent contributors to well-being.

Clothes fret her because she is compelled to modify prevailing fashion to her face and figure. Yet she has her merits and demerits, and she need not be discouraged when she learns that her merits should be accentuated so they will not appear as defects, and her demerits must be skillfully concealed by the art that comes from taking thought.

Such women cannot walk into a shop and quickly buy a frock. When they are successful it is an accident which they are tempted to proclaim triumphantly through a megaphone. Their path through the maze of dress is a devious one. Their stern effort should be to find a secure path that leads to success, and, finding it, keep in it. They shrewdly realize that curiosity leads to temptation and usually to failure.

If they buy their clothes casually, hastily, they waste money, which is a kind of extravagance they never cease to regret.

THE CREED OF SIMPLICITY

Whistler, the artist, once said to a friend who had arrived in London from America: "Is it with you in the States as with us in England, that a woman

will possess a perfect house, then put one terrible thing on the mantel to give her taste away?"

One might say the same of clothes as Whistler said of art. Any woman may buy and wear a costume, perfect in color and conception, then place one hideous thing against it that will expose to the public her utter lack of good taste; and no woman is so apt to do this and so easily judged guilty in the act as the large, stout, florid type.

Her continuous creed should be elimination, neatness, neutrality. If she can succeed in making a good appearance through the working of this creed, the problem of how to dress is solved for life and a serenity of soul and tranquillity of mind regarding clothes is achieved.

Men, and certain types of women, are scornful, derisive, satiric at the assumption that a woman's costumery is able to change and deflect into other channels her qualities of mind and spirit. The world is full of such scoffers, ignorant of the reactions of human nature. They blink at facts. The outstanding truth is that woman's outward appearance either soothes or irritates her inward peace.

It would be better if the Anglo-Saxons in mass would face the essential crudities of human nature with the frankness and forgiveness of the Latins,

especially in relation to dress. There might be a better application of remedies. We think that by refusing to acknowledge physical and moral weakness we may sooner eliminate it. Curious doctrine this, but strongly entrenched in the national mind. A segment of this doctrine is our hesitation to acknowledge how much our sartorial appearance governs our moods and attitude toward life and influences people's attitude toward us. The florid woman who indulges in self-deception or who waves away with a gesture of bravado the limitations her type puts upon her clothes, is more brave than wise.

Her type is one that can be made or marred by a single accessory. Dangling earrings may ruin her loveliest gown. A red feather in the hat may discount whatever charm is in her face. A badly tightened waistline or compressed hips may destroy the sweep of her figure. A necklace may banish whatever is good in her shoulders.

The slender, pale woman who can put rouge on her face and drape her thin neck with pearls, who can add Oriental rings to her feather-like fingers, is not a good example of fashion for the big, vivid woman to imitate. She whose cheeks are highly colored, whose neck is short and thick, whose bones are big, whose hands are massive, whose head is large

must remember that whatever accentuates these features is to be avoided. From dawn to midnight her physical possessions must be toned down.

The elimination of non-essentials is the foundation stone on which the structure of all her clothes should be built. Ask a successful woman of this type the secret of her success in costumery and she answers that she struggles continuously for the perfection of order, for exquisite cleanliness.

A lock of hair out of place, a shoulder strap slipping above the *décolletage* of the bodice, an unbrushed boot, a hook and eye that shows, a collar rumpled, a belt creased, a bad joining of two garments at the waistline, a white corset cover revealed beneath a dark, transparent bodice, these are sad mistakes for the fat florid woman. She might well try to imagine herself under military inspection to compel her to give strict attention to each detail of her costume; or she might think of herself as a square-rigged ship about which every line must be taut and trim. The moment she becomes careless, she looks unseaworthy.

This work of constant supervision requires time. No woman should suppose it can be done by the reaching out of a hand. The effort to be both clean and orderly means a battle that is never finished.

WHEN YOUTH MEETS THE PROBLEM

The possession of a large figure with unusual height, bulk, and high coloring presents a more difficult problem to youth than middle age. It is the American girl and the young matron who find such physical personality a stumbling block in the way of accepting new fashions.

One expects middle age to be matronly in appearance. The woman of fifty may have subdued her desire for gay colors and useless furbelows, but youth, which in this era we reckon as somewhere under thirty-five years, has not conquered such desires. They sweep over a woman like a tidal wave. She wants to dress like those in the "pony" class. She yearns for Oriental tea gowns, Slavic sport clothes, Chinese street frocks. The glow of a Turner sunset and a Maxfield Parrish sea scene express her ideas of tone and tint in costumery. Yet such colors are not for her. Self-control must be her watchword. She must look through a protective grill built up by common sense at clothes that accentuate and commonize what Nature has given her.

Yet despite this handicap, she can work out her salvation in a delightful manner if she faces and accepts the truth about herself, then goes to work to

soften it. She may abhor the florid tone of her skin, for it is opposed to the Bermuda-lily whiteness which fashion decrees, but she can dress up to that coloring in a manner that puts her above the average woman. She must persistently keep before her consciousness that her type is one of health, that she is the rose and not the lily.

Foolish futilities in costumery are to be ignored. She must regard them as deadly germs that will destroy. She may want a straight, narrow frock of terra cotta silk printed with large black figures and girdled with a silken cord at the hips, but it is not for her. She should not wear cretonne sport suits, nor tea gowns that look like national flags, nor dance frocks suggested by Bacchus. She should not adopt coquettish Victorianism nor attempt the boyish contour. Above all, she should not wear very short skirts, no matter what her companions do or what fashion dictates.

No matter what her age, a girl of this type is wise to choose matronly colors and sedate lines, for they permit her personal brilliancy to proclaim itself. For public places she will find that dark blue, black, gray, deep brown, and certain tones of beige are excellent.

There may be ruffles, there may be girdles and

short sleeves in her costumes, but the effect must be subdued. She will find Grecian lines admirable. In being able to wear them well she rises above other young women in an assemblage; her appearance seems to proclaim that, being unusual, she can wear these ancient draperies with power, as once said the sister of a French king when the court around her exploited the silly gewgaws of an artificial era, showing even more artificial against the dignity and majesty of her costume.

Black was once forbidden to the young, but it is worn now by any girl who desires to copy the costumery of her grandmother. A string of pearls is a youthful touch and rarely is it neglected. There is no age to which black and white are relegated. Those in mourning do not absorb these colors.

Taupe is another matronly color adopted by the type of girl under discussion. In silk net, with a dripping fringe of autumn leaves or flowers of velvet, she accepts a gown that is almost standardized for young women who have no chance to be thin, pale, or sinuous. Copper brown is also good. It can be worn in the evening and in the street. None of these acceptable colorings should be limited to evening dress. They go well in street clothes, especially in one-piece frocks.

There is danger to the big, florid woman, by the way, in the one-piece frock and top coat unless the frock is of thin, clinging fabric and the coat is slimly cut and not fashioned of sturdy or conspicuous material. The assembling of a frock and coat of fabric in the usual winter weight makes a bulky costume on a bulky person. It is unwise to choose a top coat of material that stands away from the figure. It is wiser to choose dull satin, soft cloth, pliable velvet, depending on the lining for the necessary warmth.

Rough coarse furs are not for these women. Pliable peltry is necessary. It changes its name and its coloring too many times in one decade for any specific pelt to be offered as correct, but the avoidance of any hide that grows coarse hairs is all that is necessary. The use of peltry as a profuse trimming to a fabric coat is not advisable. The fashion of lining soft cloth with fur is permissible only to the slim.

Capes are suitable for the big, florid woman, especially when slightly circular. They should suggest Greek drapery in their downward swirling folds. The coat that has a short cape added to it is only for a slender figure. A large woman does well to fear it.

LINES ON A LARGE SURFACE

A trick within the power of fat florid women is the accentuation of the long sweep from shoulder to hem by ornamentation. Nothing decorative should project from the surface of the fabric, but slender lines, small curves, Moorish triangles, the Greek key design can be laid flatly on the cloth. Even frills, when they are soft and not too full, can be deftly placed on a frock where they do the most good and make the least difference to the size of the figure beneath. Bands of openwork and drawnwork are admirable bits of ornamentation. They make little tracks on the surface without harm. No pattern or decoration must go around the figure. All decoration should be vertical, not horizontal.

Garlands of flowers are permissible on evening gowns; the big Greek women wore them. But they should not muddle the long, free sweep of the torso which, in the sturdily built, florid woman has too much bulk to be revealed. The skirt should carry the burden of applied decoration. In the arrangement of the neck, medieval severity is the best chance for success. She cannot wear the high collar, tight or loose; the sport muffler, the high turnover collar on a sport shirt. She must expose the

neck and leave the heavy line of the jawbone free from interference.

HER HATS AND HAIR

Young or middle aged, this particular type of woman cannot trifle with loose locks and flopping hats. They belong by right to the thin face mounted on a long, slim neck. Sturdy women usually present a sturdy character to the world; not for them, therefore, are the clothes of Victorianism; coquetry is not their outstanding quality and helplessness belongs to their fragile sisters.

The hair should be loosely confined with a net and worn as close to the skull as fashion permits; its arrangement should not emphasize the heaviness of the cheeks and the shortness of the neck; therefore, it should not be drawn downward to the jaw.

The outline of the hat should be well defined. If it has a wide brim, it should not dip far downward; it should turn slightly upward at an artistic angle. Orderly, you observe, and neat. That must be the fat, florid woman's creed.

Chapter Eight

Clothes for the Nordic Type

THERE was an era in American life when women were of good stature. The "pony" class was not born or developed. Some student of the race should take the trouble to investigate this change and divert the world with the causes which produce periods of large and small women.

Early American women were given to hard physical work. This might have influenced their growth. Continuous generations of pioneers, the mass immigration of stalwart peasant stock, of Scandinavian families, of the sturdy Scotch, possibly produced a race of women who were fitted physically to take part in the development of a strange and hazardous land.

Possibly the predominance of the Nordic race was responsible for the height and breadth of American women of former generations. Among the early settlers were women of resisting structure, able to draw water, hew wood, sow grain, reap harvests, and they travelled the path from cradle to grave without steam heat, mechanical labor-saving contrivances, or automobiles.

Whatever gave them height and breadth, these pioneer women of high and common origin, their dominance has passed. They are followed by a type which students of the race believe has arrived to remain. The passing of the Nordic race and the incoming of other races from Southern Europe is not alone of interest to those who study the physical development of Americans, but it is of high importance to fashion. The small woman of certain European sections influences the clothes worn by millions of us.

This condition may change, but the future does not interest a woman who is out of the present picture. She is struggling to accommodate the ruling fashions, made for small women, to her stalwart structure. She is not florid, she is not heavy, she does not carry surplus flesh over diaphragm and shoulders; she has a large framework, well covered, suggesting strength, muscular development, and vigor.

This Nordic type is sufficiently frequent in this country to make the subject of her clothes one of importance. She is given to bewailing her height and breadth. She is almost willing to sacrifice strength of bone and muscle to solve the problem of how to cover it with smart clothes.

There's no need for such discouragement. She is a splendid example of a certain race of women; and

she will find the task of choosing attractive clothes, in which she will make a compelling figure, a simple one if she sets her mind upon it.

Like other unusual types, the first struggle is with the corset. Wrinkles may be avoided and money saved if she will fight this first battle to a finish. She must arrive at a settled decision concerning the particular kind of corset that gives her the best outline, then banish experiment until fashion again changes.

Corset makers offer her the rubber corset, declaring that it is especially suited to her structure. It is wise to investigate this statement through personal experience. She should not be satisfied with any corset that does not lightly confine the sweep of her body between hips and diaphragm. Slim and attenuated women can wear the low, plastic girdle; she cannot.

Often she is better suited by a corset that covers the diaphragm than by one that needs a brassière to keep the line straight. Frequently she is slim in the hips and flat in the abdomen, therefore she does not need the long corset with many bones invented to compress the usual flesh below the waist.

The best corset, in the judgment of those who have worked well on the problem of suiting the Nordic figure, is cut high in front and low at sides and back,

which reverses the accepted outline. Its length should be determined by the sweep of the figure, but it is well to keep it clear of the long, swinging movement of the hips when the wearer walks.

Tight binding below the hip-bones gives a certain awkwardness that mars the type. The Nordic figure has its best presentation when the corset is well-boned but loosely adjusted. When one attempts to pull in muscle, the result is bad; every movement of a muscular body is restricted. The work of a corset should be to keep the line of the body straight and supple, so it may lend itself to movements of grace and vitality; it gracefully exposes the large structure of the body, accentuates the type and proclaims the individuality. The tiger is as graceful as the cat if it does not try to disguise its identity.

The waistline must be eliminated on a Nordic figure. This much is certain. Any effort to produce curves above the hips is fatal. The result would enlarge the hips and increase the diaphragm.

CHOOSING THE UNDERWEAR

Underclothes present as much difficulty as top garments. A one-piece garment is best under and over the corset. Whatever fabric is soft and clinging, ar-

ranged without fulness, should be chosen. The short-trousered combination, cut like a bathing suit, is an acceptable foundation for the corset. The slip that goes over it is a combination of circular bloomers and pinafore top with ribbon straps over the shoulders. These step-in garments are a type of underclothing that is now standardized in this country. Jersey silk, fine muslin, crêpe de Chine are good fabrics to use for all underwear.

She who has a straight waist and large diaphragm cannot be comfortable in a corset cover or brassière that ends at the waistline, unless she fastens it to the corset in several places. It will annoy her by slipping up and forming a ridge at top of corset. Even a surplice brassière of filet lace will do it.

Whatever the style of the lower undergarment, the upper part should not go over the shoulders. All underclothes should be slenderly cut above the waist and deeply *décolleté*. A woman with large shoulders must not put much material over them. This is a fundamental axiom one should keep in mind, whether it concerns underwear, cloth frocks, or feather boas. The Nordic type carries strength in her shoulders and they must not be padded, rounded, or extended.

Another practical fact to be kept in mind is that nothing should be worn which has a tendency to slip

upward from the waist. The avoidance of this awkwardness is a serious problem. Experiment must follow experiment until a satisfying plan is found and incorporated into one's scheme of dressing.

It is easy to listen to the tale of others' successes and to spend an important part of one's life beginning and ending experiments; but the result is often dissatisfaction, often failure. Women who succeed in eliminating worry in clothes are those who cease to be unduly curious, unduly vacillating. One's own way, if well thought out and found to be best for one's figure and individuality, should have so much conviction behind it that its advantages and disadvantages are put beyond the pale of argument.

In trying to avoid garments that slip upward from the waist and those that put thickness on the shoulders, a woman must depend on the slender hips to bear the burden of clothes. It is the proper place for the girdle, the belt, the slight *pannier*, when such are found in the passing fashion. On the hips may be put, also, the gathers, the pleats, the conspicuous ornamentation which slenderly fashioned women may place at the waist without detracting from their grace.

Long sleeves are good, for they accentuate the tapering points which are to be found in the Nordic type as an admirable contrast to the breadth and mus-

cular swing of the shoulders. If the arms are muscular, they should be covered day and evening, but if they are well-rounded, the short, tight sleeve is admirable. It is better to show bones and slack flesh than developed muscle.

The long, sweeping neck should always be uncovered.

Through such methods of arranging fabric does the type discussed reach success and distinction.

STRUGGLING WITH A COLOR SCHEME

After decision is made on the kind of undergarments and the style of gowns to be accepted in one's scheme of dress, there comes the choice of colors. This task is not easy. There are few large women, strong and virile, who can afford to wear the colors of India, of the Slavic countries, of the Orient unless their facial coloring is dark and somber. Such colors if chosen should be incidental, not habitual. A woman of big structure is often highly colored, although she may not have red cheeks or brilliant blue eyes; but she is one of those who rarely need artificial coloring because the vitality of her body imparts a glow of health to the texture of the skin and the depth of eyes. She needs subduing. She must

adopt what may be called sartorial sedatives. She must not be ashamed of her vitality nor try to repress her size by corsets or tight garments; yet it is not well to project these at the world, emphasizing them as her outstanding physical characteristics.

The long, large, broad-structured woman who is pale, with light hair, cannot go by the rules laid down for a woman who is healthfully colored. But as the latter is the better known, the rules are made for her. Strangely enough, she can wear red and purple if it is veiled by a dark color. There are tones of dull red that are attractive without veiling. Jade green is often an excellent choice, especially if there are glints of green in her eyes. Green was the chosen color, you may know, of the ancient Amazons in peace and war. There is a green of new leaves or young apples that is as pleasing as jade; it can be chosen for jewelry, for evening gowns and wraps, for slippers, for a number of accessories. It is the color of spring, of life at its vital stages, therefore it cannot be worn by the ancient Oriental type nor by the demure woman who shows the signs of age and worry; but it can be worn by one who suggests the strength and urgency of life.

Scarlet veiled by deep wisteria is another combination of colors which the Nordic type seems to have

inherited from past eras. Yellow in its golden shades, like jonquil and topaz, is easily carried by women who suggest the splendid figures from ancient courts who wore sweeping robes of yellow velvet embellished with ermine or sable.

Colors for the house can be gorgeous because height justifies them. A tall woman can be regal in the evening, under electric lights, out-distancing her smaller sisters by seven leagues. It is her chance to be impressive. In formal clothes she is often better than other women. Slender, supple, tall, she can wear house robes whose glory is in vivid colors and bizarre effects. For her are the swinging lines and draperies that float from the shoulders, that twist and trail on the floor, that accentuate height and give a chance for the Viking-like, swinging movements of her vigorous body.

She can put on a nasturtium house robe, vaguely built, depending upon its convolutions for effect, and appear like a stage picture, like something from "Pelleas and Melisande," or like a mediæval tableau by Ben Ali Haggin. No small woman can have this hour of glory. No boyish type can even consider such costumes.

Because of her peculiar fitness for a splendid appearance in the evening, the Nordic type of woman

should bend her energies toward creating a sharp difference between street and house clothes. The contrast will arrest attention.

SOMBER IN THE STREET

If she can give full play to her Viking appearance in the house, she can afford to subdue herself in the open. Not for her are gaudy frocks and suits in the street. Not for her the over-ornamentation of day clothes. She cannot permit futile and elaborate decoration on any garment. In street clothes she must suppress whatever is conspicuous. Wise elimination must be her creed. She spoils her chance of success when she dresses like women who have not a striking appearance. She is most distinguished when she insists upon severity that is beyond the hope or scope of the small woman, or one who retains the Victorian manner. For the latter class are frills and ribbons, flowers and gewgaws, but for the other are straight lines carved out of cloth, clinging closely to the graceful structure of the body.

Black, dark blue, deep brown are street colors that cannot be bettered. Most shades of gray are to be avoided. King's blue is too hard and brilliant, and she is to avoid the browns that do not show copper

or bronze glints. A certain tone of light beige is admirable. Rust color is good. Dark green is so seldom in fashion that it is negligible.

Restricted as she is in colors, she can make life quite easy by ceasing to experiment. Let her be content that she carries the somber colors in the street as brilliantly as she carries vivid ones in the house.

AVOIDING PLAIDS AND STRIPES

It is a fallacy that a large, tall woman can wear broad stripes and large plaids. There is too much of her for such figurations. Although she does not appear as conspicuous in such designs as a stout woman, her framework demands fabric without definite and pronounced design.

She is wise who refuses all patterned fabrics throughout life. Solid colors show discretion. The majority of figured silks, dashing brocades, Egyptian, Chinese, and Javanese animate and inanimate figuration should be left to the Slavic and Oriental types of women. To discard them in the beginning means to eliminate one problem.

Tiny checks in subdued colors or vague pin stripes are not objectionable when one wearies of a life diet of solid colors, but her opportunities for enlivening

a solid color with a garland of flowers, a vivid hip girdle, an arresting band of Oriental or Egyptian embroidery give her a chance for change.

She is usually at her best in tailored suits and frocks during the day. No matter what the changing style, she can depend on a well-fitted suit of costly material to carry her through the season. One such in winter and another in thin material for spring and summer give her an enviable sense of security.

She should remember that the application of masculine clothes to the feminine figure has undergone an important change since the Great War. There must not be an echo of the turf, the stables, or the golf links. A strong feminine emphasis is necessary and it is most important for the big woman to remember this. It is not done in the cut of the suit or blouse or in the shape of the hat; it is achieved by the accessories.

Stiff collars of corded piqué or starched organdy, severe, straight brims on hats, mannish cravats are not for the type that needs softening to make it appealing.

Youth, even if tall and broad, may be able to wear these severe accessories, but the last outpost on the frontier line for such apeing of masculinity is placed at twenty-five years.

Chapter Nine

Clothes for the Latin-Orient Type

SINCE the days of Jenghis Khan and his Tartars there have been Oriental invasions. Always have they changed fashions in clothes, sometimes in religion, often in laws and customs. Warlike Oriental invasions were a common thing in the earlier history of the world, but in later eras Oriental invasions have been peaceful.

American sailing ships brought the art of China, the rugs of Persia, the embroideries and perfumes of Araby to the struggling Thirteen Colonies. Against the sombre mahogany furniture of our insurgent ancestors were placed the black and gold tables, the red lacquered desks, the painted glass pictures of China, brought over in the holds of sailing vessels which also brought rich-smelling stuffs. The combination of Colonial and Oriental art in interior decoration has never ceased in America. Whenever Colonial furniture rises to importance, Oriental art comes into fashion along with it.

The first important Oriental invasion in clothes came before the French Revolution. The first Am-

bassadcrs from China to France made their appearance at the French Court with rare and wonderful gifts to Louis and his *entourage*. Instantly it became the fashion in Paris to adopt some of the clothing features and much of the interior decoration of the ancient city of Pekin that sits and broods in its pink and blue dusk behind the Tartar Wall.

Another such Special Embassy from China brought wonderful gifts to the White House when Theodore Roosevelt was President, and had Washington been as powerful as Paris in creating fashions, there would have been another peaceful Oriental invasion of our country.

But Nature works out her own way of determining the influx of peoples from one land to another, who become the determining factor in fashions, and the large and prolonged invasion of the Latin-Orient peoples into the United States of America produced a marked type of woman over here. It is usually called the Latin-Orient type.

Women of other types complain that the fashion-makers of the world have this type in mind too often when they produce clothes. Naturally this is so. Paris produces the clothes for the world, and she knows the Latin type best. Often in France the Oriental type is crossed with the Latin.

Again, it is often said that America has gotten its clothes for decades *via* the immigrants coming through Ellis Island. It is a fact that Southeastern Europe has swept hordes of its people into this still fresh, young continent *via* the Statue of Liberty. The first great invasions of European peoples to America were by the Nordic race, some of whom were French, for the downward invasions of the Northmen of Europe once carried those sturdy, fighting blondes as far South as the Pyrenees.

The Scandinavian countries, Holland, England, and Germany sent invasions to America in pioneer days and produced the Nordic type here. The overwhelming invasion by the Latin-Orient type came when life was easier, money freer, and employment plentiful. That is why America is filled with small, dark, sinuous women with well-modelled faces, deep-set eyes, low foreheads, shining hair, narrow shoulders, and straight ankles. It is a common type.

There are decades in which such women have slight trouble in choosing clothes. Several years before the Great War there was a small invasion of the Latin-Orient costumery into smart fashion. Immediately after peace was declared, widespread Orientalism dominated clothes, jewelry, coiffures. In-

stead of decreasing, it increased in the years after the war.

Here are some of the pronounced features of these Latin-Orient fashions: sandal slippers, cut out and strapped, exposing the entire foot; transparent stockings to resemble flesh; semi-barbaric jewelry ousting the simpler forms of jewel setting; quantities of colored bracelets on the lower and upper arm, known as slave bracelets; the jewelled anklet of Salammbo and her kind; Persian tunics of rich brocades; the girdle at the hips with long ends at one side; fascinating fringes; ornately arranged fur on fine fabrics; wrapped turbans with crescent and star in jewels; one pear-shaped pendant hanging on the forehead; strings of pearls in graduated loops caught at back with ruby or emerald; Chinese brocades for formal and informal gowns; umbrellas of varnished paper; sunburn powder on arms, neck, and face, to give the American skin a darker tone; the one-piece frock from Morocco and Arabia; the burnoose wrap from Algiers and the desert; the embroidered border of black triangles from Mecca.

Such is only a small summary of the Latin-Orient fashions that have pervaded this country through the influence of emigrant races from Southeastern Europe

who have produced a specialized type here in sharp distinction to the Nordic type.

It is to be expected that certain of these fashions will last, for the number of women who can wear them is growing more numerous as Southeastern Europe and Asia appear to be supplying the bulk of our immigrants.

The Latin-Orient type, it must be clearly understood, has nothing in common with the fragile, dark, English type which is prevalent in our Southern states. These women are the descendants of the Georgians who brought such women into existence in the milder portions of the American climate. Louisiana has the well-marked Latin type of woman, while in New York and far inland on the Atlantic Seaboard is produced the Latin-Orient type. It is plentifully found close to harbors, but also it has spread to the wheat fields of the Middle Western states.

The type has become thinner through the activities of American life than it was and still is at its source. The sinuous carriage of the body, the languor of the face remain. The flesh has disappeared.

There is a strong distinction in this country between the English-Georgian type of slim, short, dark woman and the Latin-Orient type; and their costumery

must not be confused. The former can wear the so-called Court *décolletage*, the long drooping curls over the ears, the immense garden hat with flopping brim, the cameo, the one strand of pearls closely girdling the neck, flowered taffetas, the bustle, the hoopskirt. She can carry the small, coquettish fan and the fringed parasol; she can dally with roses and daffodils; she must use cosmetics very gently, and in powdered hair is her best refuge from the commonplace. The latter can wear exotic things. She must avoid long curls over the ears. She would be wise to substitute green, blue or yellow jewelry for diamonds. Jade is for her, strings of it, also the yellow topaz of China and semi-precious, colored quartz in rich coloring; rubies or their imitations are for her. She can cover herself with pearls if she wishes; strings of them about her dark, rounded neck are admirable. She can make the best use of jewelled girdles, simple or gorgeous, and exaggerate the fashion of girdling the hips as tightly as the body permits, whenever such fashion appears. She should not wear roses in her hair; she needs jewels on her locks, especially pearls, and even though short she can carry with admirable effect the jewelled forehead band and pointed tiara of the Orient and Southeastern

Russia, the head ornament that the Empress Josephine put into fashion after Napoleon's Oriental campaigns.

The fragile, English-Georgian type of slim dark woman cannot wear the crude and vivid embroideries of the Ukraine, of the lands on the Black Sea, of Mesopotamia. She cannot put even a touch of Oriental costumery against her fragile face and slender body.

HER CHOICE OF COLORS

Dark or sallow as her skin may be, with an underlying tint of health she can wear black, which she brought into world fashion after the war, if she enlivens it with jewelry and cosmetics.

The French women wore black from the first year of the war and made it the single national choice for costumery because it permitted them to use it as a foundation for eccentricities of facial make-up, for transparent stockings, and for jewelry that had never before been worn in such quantity by Occidentals.

It is necessary that the Latin-Orient type should likewise enliven a black costume; otherwise it is her worst choice of color. If she adds nothing else but a string of pearls—large single pearls in the ears—and reddens her lips, the effect is excellent.

She can indulge in red to her heart's content, but she should choose the Oriental tones of it; the light, flame tints are not artistic against her coloring. They should be kept for the Nordics.

There are certain tones of green that become her well. She can put bottle green over a large surface of her body. Empress Eugénie wore bottle green and made it the fashion because the elder Worth suggested it and she found it entrancing.

Gray should be avoided, so should the Watteau colors. Pale blue, pink, Nile green, mauve, lavender are not for this type.

If she wears mannish tweeds in gray and black plaid, she frequently destroys her effectiveness. Tailored suits should be somber in color, but she can give them a spirited appearance by adding some eccentric accessory forbidden to most other women.

SLEEK COIFFURES ARE BEST

The Latin-Oriental does not look well with a permanent wave, with coquettish curls, with bangs or puffs. Her coiffure should be sleek, showing the glossy, oiled quality of her hair. The parting, as a rule, should be on the side, but she shows her entire forehead with better effect than most other women.

She should avoid anything that destroys the outline of her head. Knots should be small or vague. Her kind of face needs the downward line of hair: The upward stroke destroys the modelling of her face. She can always cover her ears with flat, glossy hair, whether or not that coiffure is in fashion.

The wrapped turban is her best choice in hats. She can pose it straight or tilt it slightly to one side. It suits her face and shoulders so successfully that it gives evidence of being her racial headgear.

It is from the Orient that French women borrowed the fashion of pasting flat, slender ringlets against the cheekbones and in front of the ears, and the Latin-Orient woman in America should strive to continue this particular fashion.

The large hat with a flopping brim is not for her. She wears a severe hat with excellent result. She does not carry with sense or dignity hats placed high on the head. Downward through her ancestors to the cradle of civilization, the headgear has covered most of the head, always the ears and forehead.

Ostrich feathers and other plumage go ill against her dark, slumbrous face. They belong to blondes and to women of large structure. Whatever is vague in outline, futile in fripperies, she should avoid.

She cannot carry well the stately, floating draper-

ies of women who copy Grecian clothes. Not for her the artificial frocks of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, the wide, sweeping skirts of flowered taffeta. But tight bodices, severely cut at the neckline, are admirable.

She can carry sumptuous furs, such as leopard skin, yellow Chinese lion, broadly marked tiger skin, black and white ermine, and the striped hairs of the wildcat. Leopard skin serves her best of all peltry.

Dressed as her type should dress she is as alluring as the Orient. Avoiding her clothes destiny, she is sallow, commonplace without effect.

Chapter Ten

The Problem of Emaciated Women

A WOMAN who is slight of figure, whose bones are well covered but whose bulk is negligible, is easy to dress if she is healthy. The woman who is not slim but actually thin, whose coloring is not good because she is not robust, does not find it easy to select clothes.

The stout figure with a thick waistline and swelling curves of surplus flesh covering the framework dismays every dressmaker; it is the most difficult type in our race to costume well, but the frail, delicate woman, her exact physical opposite, must dress with discretion also, and her judgment and sincerity regarding herself must be of fine quality. Her fragile figure and shadowed eyes demand a peculiar type of costumery.

The world regards the slim woman with unceasing admiration that, in certain epochs, reaches adoration, but the emaciated figure is another species. The French make a bow to what they call "false thinness," and for such they design the best of their clothes; but the American woman achieves a degree of nervous

fragility and a look of ill-health rarely known among the older Latin races. It is an error to confound the emaciated physical structure with the slim perfection desired by designers of clothes. The latter is the figure for which all Occidental women yearn, but it is not gained by diet, nor exercise, nor sorrow, it seems. It is born, not made. The emaciated figure is often due to an under-nourished body, a lack of vigor, an excessively nervous temperament, or a poorly adjusted physical structure.

Whatever the fashion, it is available for slim perfection, whereas drooping fragility must wear clothes with care. Its possessor cannot wander at will, without frowns or wrinkles, through the mazes of sartorial caprice. Economy need not be her peculiar terror, nor is extravagance her remedy.

There are times in the varying phases of fashion when such women can build their figures into a semblance of robustness and wear the frills and furbelows that divert attention from the woman to the gown. But such phases of artificiality are getting further apart. The stark simplicity of clothes which has held fashion in its grip for an abnormal period of time presents a perilous problem to the emaciated, colorless woman. She cannot go into a department store or specialty shop which carries manufacturers'

products, buy therein what she wants and come forth satisfied with her judgment. She cannot easily accept the costly gowns brought by American buyers from France, as Paris designs only for the woman of false slimness and small stature, the woman given to frequent gestures which occupy her hands in holding clothes in the designed position.

It is this necessity to constantly drape their gowns about their bodies in the Roman Senatorial manner that has resulted in the unfastened wraps which Americans accept without knowing the source. We once thought the American woman was not a person given to gestures. Her hands were not used to emphasize her speech, nor were their rapid and incessant motions with the drapery of cloth about the body necessary to her physical deportment; yet so shrewdly imitative is she that she now manages her unfastened drapery with as much grace as do the French, even though she does it less frequently.

The woman who lacks robustness and is emaciated finds in such garments, however, the first aid to good dressing. Through their medium she has found safety after the elimination of the narrow, skeletonized garment which accentuated her defects.

She is wrong, however, if she thinks that careless costumes are for her. True, she is permitted liber-

ties and privileges that are barred from the large, heavy woman, but she is in constant danger of playing the rôle of skeleton.

Every woman wants to look slim, but no woman wants to impress onlookers with a lack of health. A pale, anæmic woman gives this effect when she dresses carelessly, or if she cuts her clothes to the irreducible minimum. If physical weakness there is, it must be covered. Even the men have no patience with weak tendrils clinging for support. Health and vitality is their demand in women. The epoch has produced remarkably enduring women of slender frame and the type is well established for this generation, no matter who or what comes after.

The emaciated woman and the slim, eel-like woman may tip the scales at the same weight, but there is a vast difference in the coloring of the skin, the look in the eyes, the movement of the body. The latter type needs no counsel, no suggestion; for her the world works. But what should the emaciated, the skeletonized woman wear?

THE IMPORTANCE OF UNDERWEAR

The corset and the underlinen are as important for her as for the stout woman. There is every need to choose them with exceeding care.

Once upon a time a thin woman who had finished with youth contented herself by padding the figure. Monstrous things were done in the name of curves. This repulsive idea was not peculiar to the generation which we can still look hands with; this fashion has shuttled through the centuries. Like a comet it comes into our view every so often.

It reached its apex in Elizabeth's reign and the days of the Spanish Infantas. For reasons of its own, fashion has frowned upon it during this generation. There must be no attempt to enlarge the figure, a decree which leaves the frail figure without aid from artificial measurements.

Cotton is no longer a friend in need. Buckram is an enemy, except when demanded by hip extension in skirts which cleverly expose the slender grace of the frame beneath.

The corset of the hour, however, is friendly to the thin frame. It is low, of rubber and tricot, without restriction of the hips. It is easily adjusted to give the flesh full play. The underlinen must be a trifle plentiful, more than fashion usually tolerates. Clinging jersey silk is not advisable. Starched and ruffled muslin petticoats of another generation are not permitted, but there are substitutes of soft silk with flat lace flounces, of finely embroidered muslin without

stiffness, neither of which makes a slim frock bulge into awkward curves, yet which give a graceful and necessary amount of concealment.

No matter what appearance of flesh a woman may need she must not achieve the effect by wearing a multiplicity of garments, and she must avoid ruffles and ornamentation that destroy the contour of the gown. Attenuated though she may be, she should not work for outstanding curves and foolish ripples, but for a reasonable appearance of bulk.

She cannot disguise thinness by doubling the allotted portion of underwear, but she can insist upon the addition of certain garments which most women have forgotten.

It is a difficult task to choose the underlinen and corset that produce the right effect, so it is well to consider it of major importance.

AVOIDANCE OF VIVID COLORS

When she learns to avoid ungainly underclothes, she must set her mind to the study of colors. Whatever is vivid she must avoid. Orientalization of costumery must be episodic, not continuous, with all women, but particularly with the frail woman. It may well be that she cannot attempt it without failure.

It is permissible, when using discretion, to adopt it in the evening if one knows how to use cosmetics to make the face a companion to the costume, but it is wiser not to attempt the bizarre unless one's artistry is assured.

Over in France there is an embroiderer who has a wise and clever way of separating women into types. In expounding his delightfully interesting theory he said that a fair, frail type of woman should think of herself as mother-of-pearl, and it might be well for such women to keep this phrase in mind. It may persuade them to choose the fragile, glinting colors they should wear.

If a woman is dark and noticeably attenuated, however, she cannot pose as a mother-of-pearl woman. She should be an autumn woman, selecting the tones that Nature gives to the woods after the first frost. It's better to look askance at bright red unless cleverly mingled with russet, copper, or bronze. Purple is quite too perilous to attempt. Yellow is excellent when mixed with harmonious, rich tones and when it has more orange than canary in its depths. Black is experimental. It must be handled deftly, fearfully, especially if the skin is sallow. The common mingling of black and white which the average emaciated woman adopts is usually wrong. As this type of

woman grows toward old age, all white is pure artistry.

Certain tones of gray mingled with faint pink, blue, lavender, orchid, give the effect artists approve, but the dull gray of zinc, lead, and stone are to be avoided. When such tones of gray are in transparent fabrics and built over faint pink or yellow, they are worth while. When built over gray, the effect of bodily ill-health is deepened.

The effort should be to bring out whatever color there is in the skin and enhance it by judicious means, even if faint rouge is the last resort. No one should punish the skin by making a violent contrast to it with gorgeous colors.

Even in the approach to middle age this type of woman may adopt white if she realizes its dangers. Stiff white, unredeemed, is bad. Soft white, made softer with lace or net or with white or colored ribbon, adds to the fragility of the figure but does it in an alluring manner.

It is unwise to experiment with striped clothes; such jaunty sport garments as "middy" blouses are forbidden, also starched waists, piqué and organdy collars. Whatever is severely cut, whatever gives a hard line against the figure, is forbidden. A frail

woman must strive for vagueness of outline, she must insist upon softness in every gown and accessory.

While avoiding colors that present a painful contrast to her frame and facial coloring, she must ponder well before selecting figured frocks that are insipidly neutral in design and coloring. White fabrics with sprawling lines and flowers in faded pink, gray, and blue are to be avoided, but light-colored backgrounds on which are blurred bouquets of flowers are altogether lovely.

THE PREFERRED SILHOUETTE

In the choice of a silhouette there is greater license permitted the attenuated woman than the stout one. Slim severity is not to be encouraged. Frills and floating ribbons are allowed the thin and denied the fat. When a woman is able to wear these fripperies she feels that one of life's burdens has slipped from her shoulders, leaving her mental time for other things. As the desire to adorn, to pin on, to add unto is inherent in every woman—clearly traced to savage origin—the scrawny type can indulge in the desire to full measure. She does not need to flagellate herself at every turn. Constant sacrifice by elimination is not her portion. In this indulgence she is

the envy of her corpulent companions. What are known as *robes de style* are for her, if she desires them, although she must be quite certain that she has the dash and bravado to carry them off. They are the gowns for those who have self-confidence, not for the woman whose temperament is subdued and somewhat fearful.

What she must absolutely forego is the straight and unadorned type of frock. When sashes are worn, they are a happy adjunct to the costume. There is a certain coquetry in accentuating the slimness of the upper part of the body by building the bodice close to the figure and contrasting it with an adventuring sash and a skirt that manages to be voluminous without awkwardness. Successive cycles of this fashion have persuaded women of its loveliness. Jeanne Lanvin and Paul Poiret of Paris are ever true to it.

The average thin woman is far too eager to disguise the narrowness between shoulders and the flatness of bust by fabric fulness; often it hangs in ugly lines and destroys grace. In the drapery and manipulation of fabric over the upper part of the body she must bring ingenuity into play, ever seeking to discover the best method for her special dimensions. The long-waisted, loose blouse which is the most ancient of garments and remains fashionable for long

periods of time is not always the best choice of upper garment for her. It eliminates the waistline, which is an excellent thing for a stout woman but is not necessary for a thin one. It is rather artistic and somewhat coquettish to reveal the smallness of the waist measurement at all times by any other means than compression.

The arrangement of fabric at the neckline is a serious problem. Necks with perceptible cords and falling flesh are not good to look at, and if a woman is conscious of such defects, she is ill at ease in a collar that fully exposes them.

The high, tight collar is an extreme fashion adopted by those who are disposed to be individual, but it detracts from any quality of loveliness. After first youth it is apt to be more unattractive than any other kind of neck arrangement. A high collar that does not fit the neck, and flares outward toward the chin, should be adopted whenever possible. Sarah Bernhardt knew how to make it serve her needs in many gowns.

Whatever is soft and concealing is to be accepted, and if a woman finds that her shoulders and chest have good points that will divert the eye from an ugly neck, let her expose them in the day as in the evening;

not as much, of course, but sufficiently to attract attention.

Whoever has narrow shoulders can indulge in wide collars, which are anathema to heavy and broad women. She can wear sleeves that hang limply from wide and lowered armholes. Wide sleeves are good on tiny arms if they are built of opaque fabrics; when of transparent fabric the arm should be covered with another sleeve that extends to the wrist and is gathered sufficiently to hide the bones.

Evening frocks should never be sleeveless, no matter what the fashion. The wing sleeve of transparent stuff that extends to the hips is admirable, provided there is another sleeve close to the arm. In truth, most arms should be covered. Few of them are lovely, whether they belong to the sturdy or the frail woman. After they have lost their round, white firmness, they are better for being veiled.

Chapter Eleven

Trials That Beset the Stout Woman

GOOD taste in dressing a fat, bulky woman does not rest on the possession of money. To be able to go into costly dressmaking houses and order clothes without anxiety as to their price may seem to some women the best method to achieve perfect costumery. It is often the sure path to failure. The ability to buy whatever one sees or desires often results in an exhibition of the worst possible taste.

Dressmakers are not always the best guides for women who have no opinion of their own regarding the choice of clothes and who despair of their appearance. Those who sell raiment may have the best intentions to please their patrons, but their limitations are serious, their field of vision is narrower than the customer knows or understands. They must work according to their stock. They have no time to originate clothes during the selling season. It is possible to change a collar or sleeve, but the radical alteration needed to adapt a gown to an individual is usually impossible.

Dressmakers would be poor commercialists if they permitted a customer to slip through their hands

merely because she did not like the gowns they had for her inspection, so they do the best they can in order to sell what they have in stock.

It is the dressmaker's task to suit a patron by exercising the gentle art of persuasion. The head of a house or shop may be an artist, but it is humanly impossible to suit each person's figure or coloring. Even French specialists rarely change the set of model gowns which they have created for the season.

A dressmaker may suggest the best gown for one's choice, but that suggestion, plus minor alteration, is the limit of their endeavor to please. So the stout woman who depends upon a large bank account to obtain costumes to put her into the foremost ranks of the well-dressed hugs to her heart a false theory. In carrying it out she is often deplorably dressed. The dominant mass of rich women wear wrong, grotesque or insignificant clothes because they are not taught the dictates of good taste through sacrifice and limitation. They should not be a cause for envy by those who have not unlimited dollars to spend.

It takes a well-formulated doctrine of dress to guide an awkwardly heavy woman in the struggle against those who are determined to clothe her according to fashion. She must be sure that her personal convictions about clothes are wise, for her arguments

with dressmakers often result in mutual antagonism, which turns her to a high-class seamstress who is the only kind of dressmaker to work as directed, but who cannot always follow a model gown, a spoken idea, a clear illustration. So even in this situation, the stout woman who knows what she wants faces a dilemma.

Whatever the more or less exasperating methods of following a settled policy of dress, the foundation stone in the choice of right clothes is that a woman have strong convictions of what she can wear and what she cannot, and to hold to these throughout the changing fashions; not avoiding styles, but making them conform to her policy.

It is not simple to arrive at such a formula nor to carry it out.

THE TERROR OF BEING OLD-FASHIONED

The peril a woman usually faces is formulated in her own mind. It is this: she has a strong idea of what type of clothes she wants, she would like to have the courage to carry it through, but she shrinks from the word "old-fashioned." It has a sinister sound. It smacks of poverty, or shabby economy, of not being able to keep up with the procession.

The woman on a moderate income is this kind of coward; rarely the woman with millions. The rich can afford to wear paste replicas of jewels; they can afford to go through life with clothes cut on the same pattern, far away from prevailing fashion. It is the rich who are willing that the world ascribe their antique or shabby costumery to eccentricity, to indifference, to economy, for they know it is not possible to put it down to poverty, the word that sounds like the knell of doom to an American.

Every woman should possess a bit of the millionaire's courage to wear what she knows is good. She should overcome the obsession which possesses the mass of Americans to offer up their physical loveliness on the altar of fashion, to dress in such exact imitation of each other that they look like a row of paper dolls cut out by one pair of shears.

It is not only American women who show this lack of individuality. Women in all civilized countries do it. The reason is that the world gets the groundwork of its fashions twice a year from Paris and the particular work of each woman is to twist and turn among these replicas until she finds the clothes which meet her social requirements, personal environment, physical virtues and defects. Often women fail to get what they seek, but they retain an

undoubted individuality in appearance which the sheep-like followers of changing fashions do not possess.

The women who, above all other types, need to twist and turn among a mass of gowns offered for inspection are those who are undeniably stout, awkwardly heavy. The field of ultra-fashionable clothes is not their playground. They cannot gambol over the pastures with the colts. The glory and charm that are the heritage of the thin, the willow-like, the young, are not for them. They must tread a careful path and it should be hedged with thorns to keep them from roaming.

Life is made more difficult for them by this situation. They cannot afford to take shopping lightly; nor buy quickly and carelessly to save time and vitality for other pursuits and pleasures. They must see a red flag of danger over every counter, in every shop window. They must stop, look, and listen whenever they approach a new garment, a new fabric. They must pause to consider when they seek a hat, for headgear is their special and particular peril.

They should not wait for middle age to thrust this task upon them. The necessity for learning the lesson of caution thoroughly and performing the task well arrives with the first sign of bodily heaviness. Once

it was the first wrinkle that caused a change in one's style of dress. Now it is the hour when the first pound of surplus flesh appears. The sooner a new theory of dress is outlined in a woman's mind, the sooner experiment turns into organized effort and that much sooner do success and tranquillity set in.

There is no sure way to make a thick back into a thin one; heavy hips into supple ones; a stodgy figure into a sinuous one. It is better not to count on advertised advocated methods to restore that which has been lost. Better learn the best way to clothe the figure as it is. The lesson of concealing flesh is difficult, but a combination of flesh, bone and muscle, which are the component parts of a heavy woman, needs concentration and knowledge if one is to dress well.

IT IS FOOLISH TO CONCEAL

It is foolish to try to induce the world to believe one is thin by reducing physical measurements through applied torture. The tight corset, the fitted frock, a multitude of whalebones are ancient instruments for reducing dimensions. For two centuries women constrained their bodies by such contraptions. The men of that era in dress characterized the swell-

ing curves, the broken lines, the artificial compressions as "a fine figure," and there are men who continue to admire this type, although no women do.

Whoever possesses curves and broken lines, works to straighten them out. Few are sufficiently old-fashioned to attempt to appear small by artificial compression. A woman who exhibited the eighteen-inch waistline of the Civil War would be as much of a curiosity as one with a Chinese foot.

Stout women must wear corsets to hold their flesh, but they should be loosened until there are few indentations. The waistline should be straightened to correspond with hips and bust. This is done in imitation of the Greeks. Women think it better to let the figure melt into a harmonious sweep from head to heels as the best foundation for clothes.

Artistic experts have taught heavy women that the hips should not be tightly laced into the corset or surplus flesh pulled above it. That ugly method of restriction passed without criticism until the Great War. When its ugliness was perceived and generally admitted, it was eliminated. The stout woman now evenly *distributes* her flesh into the corset.

A brassière is a necessary accessory to a corset on a stout figure, but one should not depend on it to restrict surplus flesh pulled upward from the abdomen;

it won't do it successfully. One is in danger of looking like a spreading adder. Flesh must go somewhere. No artificial restriction will eliminate it; it merely displaces it. It is better to evenly distribute it and keep it securely balanced.

She who must struggle with heavy flesh is not wise to permit herself the comfortable pleasure of rubber corsets. They do not hold the figure unless they are of strongly knit surgical elastic. They spread and permit the body to spread until one's dimensions are more Oriental than Occidental. A stout woman may exercise in rubber corsets; they have the merit of reducing thick flesh over the waist by friction.

Whatever kind of corsets are chosen they should be low. Whatever tends to push the flesh upward and outward should be avoided. The brassière should be well cut, not carelessly bought from a counter; its most important function is to flatten the tops of the front bones in the corset. A silk skirt belt can be used for this purpose, which is a good trick borrowed from mannequins who parade in dressmaking houses. Whatever method a woman may follow to flatten the front bones of her corset, she must be sure of success. Standing out from the diaphragm, they mar the figure and the fit of a frock.

No stout woman should put a thick garment over

or under her corset. Starch should never reach her underwear. Jersey silk and crêpe de Chine are better than muslin, although the leaning of fastidious women is toward exquisite garments of French nainsook or handkerchief linen touched with thin filet lace or fine Irish crochet. Despite this preference, the superiority of crêpe de Chine and silk jersey for the heavy woman is incontestable.

She should be timid about wearing a short silk shirt beneath the corset. Its lower edges wrinkle upward and form a ridge where ridges should be avoided. Envelope chemises are better and the "combinations" with short legs are best.

Over the corset should go the brassière, never of heavy lace gaily decorated, but of firm and supple fabric; below it should go a pair of thin silk knickerbockers or scanty circular bloomers of soft fabric without bulky ornamentation.

Petticoats should have meager space in the wardrobe of a heavy woman. Her aid to slimness is the French combination slip which hangs from the shoulders by straps, reaching within a modest distance of the skirt hem; it serves as a lining to the gown. Following this method of underwear elimination, a stout woman gives herself every chance to look graceful, if not slim. Callot invented a short, sturdy net lining,

hip length, which carries elastics to attach it to the stockings.

THE AVOIDANCE OF BRILLIANT COLORS

Those who reduce women through diet complain that they eat bread and butter at every meal, then fib about it. Maybe the same instinct to devour food makes them choose bright colors as though they were savages. Possibly flesh, food, vivid color taste, are symbolic of Orientalism. It is a curious fact that these three instincts usually go together in women. It is necessary to quell the two latter instincts before it is possible to eliminate the first. As for diet, that is a subject for the faddists, but clothes coloring belongs in this discussion.

Red, with its "dynasty, heirs and assigns," must be banished from the closet of the stout, heavy woman. Purple is in the forbidden list, also orange, rose, terra cotta, henna, geranium, cherry, and Burgundy. White is permissible in transparent fabrics or in Chinese crêpe arranged in Grecian drapery for gowns of ceremony. Green in its varied manifestations must be eliminated. Blue in its multiple colors may be accepted if one discards the shade as "king's blue";

horizon blue is concealing, which was the reason for its acceptance by the French Army after its horrific experience with scarlet trousers during the first year of the Great War.

Gray is an admirable color for the stout. Several shades of it can be chosen. It melts into curves and lines; it serves as a mist or fog over a large surface, concealing its true size. It softens the outlines of flesh and muscle as a fog eliminates harsh outlines in a landscape.

Black and white, freely mixed, should not be considered by a heavy woman. Stripes of these two colors are impossible. They make a sapling figure conspicuous. Yet these are the two colors most frequently chosen by heavy, middle-aged women who should know better the first moment surplus flesh arrives. Plain black is the heavy woman's best friend, but she wearies of it.

A discriminating use of colors, an unceasing resistance to temptation offered by recurrent vividness in fashion will not avail unless equalled by the avoidance of certain weaves of fabric. Materials with a twill, dyed or straight, a sharply outlined cord in the weaving or the least evidence of "dressing," must be avoided. Rep, corded serge, twill, organdy,

taffeta, *faille*, are staple fabrics that cannot be worn. Satin must be avoided for reason of its sheen. Fabrics that give "line" and create an artificial contour are fatal to flesh. Flat surfaces are necessary. Soft weaves are imperative. It is wise to choose only the materials that drape well.

Figurations, large and florid patterning, stripes, bias or straight, are not for the stout woman. They belong to the willow type. None other should attempt them. If Chinese brocade and Oriental figurations allure, if one must have such fabrics for the eye to rest on, use them for curtains, cushions, bedspreads.

Plaid should be avoided like the plague. Fringe, gewgaws, colored jewelry, lace ruffles, conspicuous buckles, strings of beads must be left to those with sinuous figures like eels.

Picture hats, long feathers, stiff, rakish bows standing out from brim or crown of hat are not for the woman with a fat face and short neck. Only a certain type of large woman can accept these accessories, one who is built on the noble, sweeping lines of Juno. Her type is rare in this era.

The small hat is not for the stout face. No hat will serve that has not a large, flexible crown. The coiffure cannot be careless or juvenile. It demands excessive neatness which, after all, is the important

struggle every stout woman must make through life. She must be as well-groomed, as securely caparisoned as a fine horse on parade. She cannot afford to allow any accessory of her costume to float, to dangle, to get out of control. She may wear flowing draperies but they must be admirably and securely posed; they must be the result of art, not of carelessness.

Narrow knife-pleatings are permissible because they cling to the body. Box-pleats do not. Accordion-pleating opens and destroys the lines. Sashes are bunglesome if of ribbon or silk, but they are admirable adjuncts when of plastic fabric like chiffon or silk net with attenuated ends that sweep far downward.

The mistake of mistakes, the way of error, the path of peril is for the stout, middle-aged woman to ape youth. Slim, supple women of fifty may do it, in moderation, without endangering their appearance or their dignity, but the woman with flesh—even if it is admirably distributed—the woman with ugly bumps and curves in her figure must look upon youthful fashions with pleasant memories, not with eager desire. Regret but not participation should be her mental attitude.

There are two maxims which the stout woman would do well to bear in mind:

1. Remember the waistline and trick the public into forgetting it.

2. It is not what a stout woman adds to her costume but what she eliminates that enhances her appearance.

Chapter Twelve

Clothes Education Needed for Schoolgirls

THE wardrobe that is to accompany one's daughters to school is a problem compounded of exasperation and hesitation. It is not alone a problem in clothes for mothers; it is one that creates friction and ructions between the girls and their parents. There may have been a former era in which girls thought less of frocks than examinations, but it has not shown any sign of repetition in this generation.

Judging from the talk and appearance of the mass of schoolgirls, it is quite evident that lessons are merely a necessary adjunct to costumery and diversions. An ambition for learning may not be entirely eclipsed by the desire to show other students the newest fashion in coiffures, cosmetics and gowns, but it appears to exist among the minority of those who attend school at home or away from it.

Even mothers are not entirely exempt from such show of sartorial vanity. Probably they believe one must move with the current or be drowned, or they

may fear that the daughter's knowledge of dress is superior to their own.

It has been dinned into motherly ears that dress, good or bad, makes a difference in school as in society and business. It is unpleasant knowledge for a mother, in a measure, for it compels the struggle for the right kind of clothes to begin five years sooner than it should, and women with daughters are like camels who do not want the last straw added to their burden; the assembling of fashionable costumery for girls going to boarding school is in the nature of the last straw. Girls have become the arbiters of what they wish to wear. Mothers are advisers or purse holders and if other duties have kept them out of the swift-flowing current of fashion, they are not always consulted as to the choice of a wardrobe. If they offer advice they are often chided with the phrase "old-fashioned."

On the other hand, the task of getting a girl equipped for the school season is made easier for the mother by the girl's co-operation in the selection of her clothes. But such argument is rarely convincing to mothers. Those who cling to the tradition that a girl must wear what is provided, as a child must eat what is put on the plate, are not always successful with this creed. Those who give

over the process of shopping to the fledgling sometimes spare themselves time and irritation.

There are two ways to look at this situation. It it not always possible for a mother to give good advice on clothes. She may have been so absorbed with household cares that she knows little of the changes that have taken place in the scheme of juvenile dressing. She may not be conscious that the girl of to-day is permitted a degree of sophistication in costumery that must be reckoned with. It cannot be brushed aside with the dictatorial argument that "mother knows best."

However, if a girl has bad taste in clothes, if she aims at too much sophistication, a lack of judicious supervision by the mother is disastrous. The juvenile mind rarely has good judgment. It tends to follow a bad example more quickly than a good one. Cosmetics, extreme eccentricities of fashion, if indulged in by a sixteen-year-old boarding-school girl bring down criticism on herself and her mother that may not be deserved. She may be more refined, more modest than the public thinks. In such cases the indifference of the mother is deplorable.

There were periods of our social existence on this continent when a schoolgirl's outfit was a source of

pride to the mother and a joy to the girl through the advance work of a good seamstress and a slight outlay of money. There had not crept into the youth of the land its present adultism of mind toward dress, a mental attitude caused by the fact that it is the girl, and not the woman, who is the purveyor of the dominant fashions of this generation.

Whatever the fashion of to-morrow or of yesterday, the problem of preparing a schoolgirl's wardrobe taxes one's vitality. The new type of schoolgirl is an actuality. Her wardrobe must fall in line with what is worn by the other girls, but for the girl's sake it should take a middle course.

There is genuine depression in a girl's mind if she is sent to school with clothes that radically differ from those of her companions. A deep-seated humiliation is provoked by this circumstance that often lasts through life, if it happens to be accompanied by loss of prestige and a sense of inequality with those closely quartered with her. Even a philosophical adult shrinks from ridicule of her clothes, spoken or looked. Why, therefore, does she continually urge a young girl to be independent of such ridicule? Yet many mothers take this attitude toward their children. The result is failure, as always, when one tilts a lance against human nature.

THE FORCE OF IMITATION

The wise mother of to-day approaches the preparation of a schoolgirl's wardrobe with misgiving, because she is aware of the prevailing situation and she knows her limitations. She may reproach herself for not keeping pace with the procession of fashion, she realizes she will be mortified if her daughter falls below the standard set by the girls among whom she must spend the winter, so she lays her plans accordingly.

The mothers who are unwise are so harassed in the attempt to check the sophistication of daughters who stubbornly insist upon dressing like grown and experienced women, that they compel the youngster to pack her trunks with clothes she will never wear, or wearing, spend her leisure hours in crying.

There is no doubt that in school each girl apes the other, and always chooses as her leading example the girl who indulges in every caprice of fashion. The most insistent query of the schoolgirl is: "Why can't I do it, if all the others do it?" If her roommate paints the lips and whitens the cheeks, be quite sure she will do it, and if there is any chance for her to brave her mother's opposition when she goes home on vacations, she will do it there. Parenthet-

ically, it may be said there is no place where reform by teachers is more needed than in boarding schools where young girls are "finishing" their education.

Possibly the college girl is a serious creature, fully prepared to study and not to waste vitality on that frivolous thing called fashion; whatever the reason, she is not in need of drastic reform like her younger sister who, very likely, doesn't go to school to study books.

It is difficult to advise from what source the reform should spring. Teachers naturally appear to be the correct ones to govern school clothes, but judging from the masses of schoolgirls one meets in public places, no teacher with wisdom or authority was present when they were putting on their clothes and "making up" their faces.

If it is left to the mother to be the reformer she must devise some system of mental persuasion that will reach the girl's common sense. She may appeal to her vanity through the argument that it is more dignified to look unlike than like the masses of uneducated girls on the street; that it is more piquant not to follow the commonest fashions that prevail among those who live and work to follow fashions never invented for the schoolgirl's sphere of life.

Far too many schoolgirls follow such fashions that have been dragged to the gutter through cheap and tawdry uses, often associated in the public mind with those who know little of bathtubs and fresh linen and less of table manners; whose language has been learned by word of mouth, carried into their vocabulary by winds of the street, as birds carry seeds to fertile ground.

It is a momentous matter, this necessity for dress reform among schoolgirls between fifteen and eighteen years of age. Through some process of authority their costumes should be connected with their education. Paint should be abolished with slang, ridiculous coiffures should be suppressed along with the split infinitive, wilfully transparent clothes should be barred as well as incorrect spelling.

There are a few boarding schools catering to an exclusive set of students in which demure and attractive uniforms are adopted. But it is not what a girl wears in study hours that brings about public criticism; it is what she wears in her hours of pleasure. If the school would make a united demand for a school and a street uniform, the expensive task of preparing dozens of frocks and blouses for school life would be eliminated. There's no need for ugli-

ness in uniforms. The best of modern designers should be called in as advisers to the girls.

It is in the coiffure, usually, that the schoolgirl exhibits the worst possible taste. No matter what the fashion in headdressing, she carries it to its extremest phase. A youthful face easily permits exaggeration of a prevailing coiffure, but when the face, although youthful, has not the fresh and inviting qualities of girlhood, an eccentric coiffure makes it grotesque. If the permanent wave is in fashion, a schoolgirl should not be permitted to have a kink like the bride of an Abyssinian king; if shingled hair is in fashion she should be persuaded to avoid too much brilliantine; if the padded coiffure of the Japanese is in fashion she should be convinced of the ugliness of exaggerated bumps of hair over the ears; if the high pompadour is in style her taste should be stimulated to omit unsanitary wads of artificial "ratted" hair to give bulk to the pompadour. All her tendency to exaggeration should be suppressed.

No one can persuade the schoolgirl to wear plaits and hair ribbons as in other eras. The fashion for short hair may last forever, and it may be well that it should be adopted by all girls under eighteen years of age.

THE ABOLITION OF JEWELRY

There is so much time and space in life to wear the metal and jewelled gewgaws symbolic of our savage ancestry that schoolgirls should be persuaded to eliminate them during the short span of student life.

Strings of cheap pearls are not fitting for young faces. Glittering bracelets are not in good taste. Rings of small and inexpensive stones indicate a vain and foolish character as much as large, eccentric rings indicate a desire to be conspicuous. Both should be forbidden. There are certain rings for the little finger that a young girl can wear with taste and discretion, such as flat, colored quartz bedded in gold or silver.

Diamonds and pearls are not suitable jewels for school. Heavy brooches and the blatant kind of jewelry known as Oriental or Ecclesiastical are perilous to youth.

The French have an admirable fashion, which any schoolgirl may adopt, of wearing a single lovely jewel strung on a silk neck-cord. To the average American schoolgirl it has the charm of novelty. Wearing it, she can indulge her normal impulse for jewelry and retain an appearance of simplicity.

She should eliminate any kind of headdress for evening costumery. She is much given to wearing the forehead bandeau, but it should not be permitted. If she wants to use a narrow ribbon, of gold or silver metal, tied in a slight bow with short ends at back, she will be following artistic precedent without detracting from her youthfulness.

Jeanne Lanvin of Paris, who is the most famous *couturière* for young girls, advocates for the hair the ancient garland of small roses; not drooping rosebuds, but flat, full-blown roses sewn on a net band. A young girl may well serve her vanity in this head adornment because it is not possible for mature women to adopt it. Roses in the hair go with youth. Age must have nothing to do with such symbols of springtime.

Chapter Thirteen

Buying Clothes for a Small Town

OF all the types under discussion, the woman who has the most difficult clothes problem to solve is one who lives in a small town, who has many children and a small dress allowance.

She feels it is not wise to give up her place in the social life of the town of which she is a citizen, nor does she wish to do it. She has no desire to be a recluse or a home-made martyr, forever glum and continually harping upon lack of money.

The post-war period has intensified this particular strain on women. Inability to meet the current prices of necessities has often caused a breakdown in the fibre of resistance. It has shown itself in organized industry by rebellion. It is present in the hearts of most women. But it makes its deepest dent where there is every necessity to keep a smiling face for one's neighbors, despite the fact that an income which once kept a family in affluence is now too small to provide more than the roof, the food, the heat, and the school tuition.

The majority of women thought that such strain

would be over with the end of war, economically speaking. It really began after peace was declared. Life has thrown a surprise at us which causes all women to regard financial problems in a restless, feverish, rebellious manner. It has impelled millions of women to go out into the arena where men fight for money. It is the cause of a historic movement. In the center of this struggle for good clothes out of a slim purse is the woman with a pleasant position in a small town. She will not go down and under. She must not appear shabby. She does not wish to wear old clothes entirely out of the picture for she rightly feels that a poor sartorial appearance would be an injustice to the head of the family and to the social development of her children.

She cannot go out to work as unmarried women do, for her place is at home where work is unending.

In a huge city a woman can economize better than in a neighborly community. If necessary she can submerge for a period to give her finances a chance to recuperate. She can remain out of the public stir for days, weeks, or months without explanation or provoking comment. She can remain out of social contact with her set on slight excuses which are accepted without gossip.

The woman in a small town has not such a chance

of escape. Her life has no more privacy than a goldfish. The other citizens are able to see her at all times through a glass screen and pellucid water.

A woman struggling to live on a slender income and placed in this particular social environment must work hard to pass muster in her clothes. She is compelled to realize the strength of the struggle that will remain until abnormal prices decrease and she must outline her schedule of clothes accordingly.

She cannot aid herself by beating the air. That trick is vain. Lamentations exhaust vitality. She must conserve her mental efforts to solve the problem in the same spirit of concentration and determination her husband brings to business.

Fortunately, women are endowed with ingenuity in devising methods to accomplish, in the best way, their domestic and social needs. This is woman's arena. It is for such work she was born and educated, in which she acts from instinct, despite her new industrial freedom.

If she looks at the struggle from this viewpoint she will not be as discouraged and depressed as if she considers it a sacrifice not warranted by the result. The clever woman regards it as a piece of strategic business. She gets interested in it. She works on a schedule. She plans well the work of dressing. She

does not permit it to be laid out for her by others. She takes into careful consideration her social environment and climate, also her clothes budget. These conditions determine her choice of raiment.

One who lives in a sub-tropical town cannot follow the plan of one who lives where snow is visible six months of the year. Nor can women always buy the right clothes from great centers through shopping by mail, from pictures in catalogues, through professional buyers. By such methods they are apt to acquire clothes unsuitable to the climate, often unwearable in their limited environment.

No one needs a heavy tailored suit and a set of furs in sections of the country where winters are short and mild. One has little use for crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe street-frocks in sections where the winter wind blows long and strong from the north.

Therefore the fundamental necessity when planning the wardrobe for each season is to be sure it suits the climate and the environment. Otherwise it is an extravagance, a foolish and futile investment.

The woman in a small town on a small income cannot indulge in the doubtful joy of a costume built for a few special occasions. Such indulgence is for the rich. She must bring her ingenuity to bear on a series

of costumes sufficiently elastic to stretch to needs far apart.

Mme. Paquin, one of the famous French designers, once said the American was the only woman who asked for a gown for church and social affairs. This was not subtle French satire. It was the truth, spoken from experience. Mme. Paquin should have paid tribute, however, to the ingenuity of women who often made one such frock serve both purposes with success. In a continent where church-going in small communities, despite its religious aspect, has called for one's best clothes and quite a display of vanity, there is sometimes slight difference between the frock worn in the pew and in a chair in the theatre.

American women are experts in inventing small devices to change the character of a gown. There was a period when women used yokes of white net to transform an elaborate evening frock into one suitable for afternoon. That trick has gone, but it has followers. Its influence has not vanished. There are several subtleties of this sort apparent in the wardrobes of to-day. There are ornate fronts in coat suits which are only skeleton shirtwaists. There are tunics which cover more frocks than one. There are separate blouses in varied fabrics that keep several skirts in active service. There are frocks highly

decorative above the waist and demure below it, so they may serve many occasions. When first invented they received the nickname "the commuter's delight." Covered by a coat, they are sober enough for shopping. Uncovered, they are brilliant enough for most of the social gayeties in a small community.

In such shrewd devices of dress lies the hope of women living in such communities, who must constantly make a good appearance among their fellow citizens. Mingling with an unchanging group of people throughout the year compels variety in clothes. Every woman feels the force of that truth. In a great center one does not, as a rule, meet the same set of people twice a month and through this social circumstance one is permitted to keep a small group of clothes in active service for two years should financial necessity demand it.

CLOTHES INTENDED FOR GAYETY

No outsider can decide a woman's expenditure on social costumery. That is a strictly personal problem. Only intimate knowledge of the exact nature of the events reasonably expected to come into her life should determine the outlay of money in each particular direction. It is necessary for her to know

the divisions of her life and which of these divisions demand the most money.

If she is given over to card parties, luncheons, and afternoon teas—the most frequent diversions of small-town life—she needs at least two thin gowns and a warm top coat. If her social activities spread to evening parties she must choose the kind of coat that does duty night and day without criticism. This is a simpler arrangement than the average woman thinks, because the usual fabrics for coats are fine cloth and velvet, which keep in fashion for continuous seasons, and one such coat goes a long way on the road of service. Mannish suitings must be avoided if the coat is to do duty over a thin, ornate gown.

Velveteen may be substituted for velvet, if one likes it. Such a coat, of an excellent quality, lined with old gold or Chinese blue and trimmed more or less heavily with fur, gives a woman a chance to feel comfortable and appear luxurious during a variety of public appearances. If the cuffs are capacious after the manner of the Eighteenth Century, they give a chance to have a muff without buying it. Tucking the hands into one's sleeves is a Chinese fashion that can be wisely injected into every meager wardrobe.

A woman on a slender income who yearns for a

fur coat and feels she can afford it by eliminating something else must be quite convinced that the climate in which she lives warrants its price. Probably more extravagance in the expenditure of money on dress has been indulged in here than elsewhere. One should never fail to hold in mind the truth that a fur coat is a luxury in any wardrobe. A cheap fur coat is rarely worth buying; a costly one knocks the foundation from under the dress allowance. The lack of a motor often makes it a weight in walking not to be borne. A mild winter prohibits its use, and there's the outstanding fact that fashion changes in such garments from season to season. They ripple at the edge one winter; they hug the knees the next season. Constant alteration is necessary and no furrier rebuilds peltry at a small cost. The reshaping of a fur coat is almost as expensive as its original purchase.

So it is wise to beware of large garments of fur. Their advantages and disadvantages should be itemized on the slate of expenses and every woman should ponder deeply over the answer to this important query: Are they worth the money? The question does not escape any of us, for it is an interesting truth in the study of women that none exist who do

not wish a fur coat. It is a strain handed down from our earliest ancestor, the cave woman.

Those who have no real reason to buy a fur coat will weaken their wardrobe in order to put the bulk of their dress money into a garment which is rarely a necessity and often a burden.

It is a necessity when one lives in a bitter climate where the winter is sufficiently severe and elongated to permit peltry as a covering from October until May. But even in such climates, women who live in large cities where the rigor of winter is ameliorated by heat thrown out by industrial activities find they can only put a fur coat into service for a few hours at night. In the open country it gives good value for its price.

CHOOSING BETWEEN MANY OR FEW CLOTHES

With the growth of knowledge in this country as to what kind of dressing makes a well-dressed woman, the constant problem arises as to whether it is wiser to put the bulk of money into a single high-priced costume or several low-priced ones.

She who lives in a large city and is trained to buy costly clothes is apt to put all she can afford into one well-chosen costume, depending on it to

give her long and continued service. This decision is not wise for one who lives in a small community. Diversity is a necessity in her wardrobe. It is not often that her clothes offer comparison with the costly, high-priced garments of great centers. She would weary of wearing the same costume month after month. Her friends would weary of it. It is better to buy several frocks, hats and coats than to put all the eggs into one basket. If she spends the majority of her dress allowance on one costume and it turns into a failure, she is in a sad state of mind until her clothes budget is renewed and another season rolls around.

If she buys reliable patterns, makes many garments at home and supplements these with one or more excellent ready-to-wear gowns, she works wisely for her particular environment.

What is wisdom in the selection of gowns and wraps is also wisdom in the buying of hats. Time and weather are enemies of headgear; also, the mood if not the occasion demands one kind of hat on Monday and another on Tuesday. It is so easy in this era to get small-priced hats that follow the fine ones in line and color, tilt and decoration, that a woman need not fear their effect on her gown or the dignity of her appearance.

The home-built hat is not to be recommended, and as long as shops cater to our changing needs in such prodigal manner, one is foolish to disregard their wares.

Chapter Fourteen

The Vexing Problem of the Hat

LET every woman take heed to her hats. Let her not dismiss the choice of headgear as a negligible factor in costumery.

No one can dictate a certain style of hat to fit each head or to make the best of each face. Not even an honest and artistic milliner is the perfect guide. It is her business to sell what she has bought. She must clear her stock before the season changes.

If a milliner is an artist who refuses to sell a client the hat which the client desires because it is not suitable, she is not a good merchant; she belongs in a studio, not a shop. It is her business to persuade women that fashion must be followed and it is the contest between client and milliner, between what is merely fashionable and what is gracious, between what is suitable and unsuitable that makes the choosing of hats a tiresome and perplexing problem.

If a woman is as clay in the hands of a milliner she may be made or marred by the hats thrust upon

her. She may be prevented from looking a frump or she may be turned into one.

Even she who has inflexible ideas concerning the hats she should wear is in peril each season, for she is apt to insist on a type that has passed out of fashion. There are women, some of them Queens, who cling through the decades to flowered toques or picture hats with sweeping plumes. This may indicate sturdy steadfastness of character, but it does not reveal loveliness, and after all women buy clothing to enhance their appearance, not to cover themselves for reasons of law and modesty.

A woman who has stern convictions concerning the hat she wants, and gets it, finds herself in and out of fashion because all shapes recur through the epochs. But the woman who wears a picture hat with plumes during an epoch when feathers are *tabu* and sweeping brims ignored is apt to look grotesque through the longer period of her life. That particular fashion will not frequently recur during her span of years. Say what you will in praise of individuality, to cling to a certain style of costumery throughout one's life is absurd. There's a difference between holding to one's type and holding to one special and particular style of apparel.

Flexibility must be grafted on conviction to get good results.

The style in frocks dictates the shape and coloring of hats. In an epoch of mannish simplicity it is not good taste to insist upon wearing a profusely decorated hat. When fashion exploits clothes that are flowered, draped, and ornamented, the boyish felt or the plain straw hat mars the effect.

Such errors in assembling the various parts of a costume are constantly made by the woman who persists in a determination not to change her beloved style of hat. It is not necessary to be easily persuaded into following the swirling changes of fashion, but a species of compromise is wisdom and an evidence of good taste. A woman may think she knows what kind of hat is best for her head, but she will perceive her error if she shows an open mind to the millinery productions of each season. Experiment will teach much.

Fortunately, fashion in hats does not undergo cyclonic changes. Milliners precede dressmakers in exploiting a certain scheme of dressing, but it is not as easy to play a hundred changes on hat shapes as on gowns.

Marie Antoinette made it a European fashion to change the head decoration each week, but then, you

see, she lost her head because of such extravagance. Rose Bertin was her milliner and she also incurred the hatred of a nation because she invented too many costly, foolish methods of decorating the head to be forgiven by a tax-ridden, starving population which was beginning to think about the Rights of Man.

Marie Antoinette and Rose Bertin, lacking anything important to do, made it the fashion to reflect small or large political and historical events in the arrangement of the coiffure. Hats for women were not in fashion in that era, and the continuous human instinct to decorate the head reached its most preposterous proportions immediately preceding the French Revolution. As substitute for hats there were fruit, flowers, stuffed birds, ribbons, powder, false hair, padded cushions, and pomade. A woman in fashion in Europe gave the important hours of her day to having her head decorated, and she looked toward Marie Antoinette and Rose Bertin for the excitement of rapidly changing inspiration.

These two futile and foolish women invented head decorations that stand as the most grotesque in history. They were pyramided to such height that the shapes of sedan chairs had to be altered to accommodate them. A ship in full sail with flags flying, resting on waves of powdered hair, represented a

Naval victory. A magnificent mortuary arrangement was invented to reflect the death of a member of the royal family. Two love birds, billing and cooing in an arbor of spring flowers and bowknots of light blue satin ribbon celebrated a royal marriage.

American women slightly reflected this grotesque coiffure extravagance in France. They powdered the hair, padded it high on the head and attached artificial ringlets of white hair. To their credit they ignored what was absurd and extravagant and adopted what was witching and entrancing, for powdered hair never fails to be entrancing.

It is not well to laugh with show of superiority over Marie Antoinette's head decoration of love birds. We did some monstrous things with birds in hats that ushered in the Twentieth Century. Dead birds profusely adorned our heads. Flowers, ribbon, feathers were jumbled together on one hat; and it is not so long ago that bunches of grapes and cherries swung over the ears.

It is not safe to say that women will ever forsake the ancient trick of adorning the head with fruit and flowers, for the fashion runs backward through the evolution of the human race to the cave woman. The Great War brought in an era of simplicity in heads

and hats that may hold good for this generation, but what of the next?

BEWARE THE HOME-MADE HAT

A pronounced improvement in viewpoint among American women has caused the abolition of the home-made hat. Once it was the chief indoor sport. Some cataclysm uprooted it from the home and threw it into the workshop. Since then all women have worn better hats and looked better for it. It might not be arbitrary to advise women never to attempt a hat at home. The woman who couldn't understand why neighbors recognized her one hat, for she had been adding new things to it for ten years, has few imitators or competitors to-day. Let not the simplicity of an era delude you into thinking that home talent can achieve a good result. When simplicity reaches perfection in animate and inanimate things, there is no more to learn. Very likely your art has not reached such perfection.

The most difficult type of hat to achieve at home was the kind the Great War ushered in, which depended for success on its shape and not its ornamentation. Much to the dismay of milliners the fashion lasted so long that it frustrated their hopes of

speedily reviving the decorative hat. The extraordinary sway of the plain hat, minus decoration, will go down in the history of clothes. Never before had such headgear held the attention of the civilized world for so extended a period. In that fact rests its historical value.

Despite the efforts of milliners to oust it, despite the woe and wailing of a multitude of women who felt it presented them at their worst, the plain hat set its teeth into the fashion and could not be dislodged. Such tenacity indicated public approval, also that it would be a frequently recurring fashion.

The hat familiarly known as the "cloche" dominated women for a longer period of time than any other plain shape, and women yielded to economy in buying it ready-to-wear on counters of department stores or to extravagance by having it shaped with infinite skill by costly milliners. It was the fashion for several years in Europe to buy the felt for such a hat in London and to have it shaped on the head by Reboux of Paris, the most expensive hat-maker in the world. Yet it was nothing but a boyish shape and a crown-band of ribbon.

The draped turban presents a peril to the woman who ignorantly thinks she can arrange it at home. It

looks easy, that Oriental turban, but it is exceedingly complex.

I know but one Occidental woman who can arrange it with the skill of an Oriental. This is Mme. Paul Poiret. She adopted the wound turban in her youth because it suited her slender, oval brown face. She bought yards of exquisite fabrics for many turbans, cut them into strips the exact length and width needed, and fashioned each turban on her head immediately before she put on her gown.

Often she permitted me to see the work of adjusting these turbans. First she would stretch the fabric along the floor, loosely knotting one end to a bedpost. This would not be a careless performance. Each curve, each convolution was arranged in the fabric as it stretched its snake-like length along the floor. When fully dressed she would lift the loose end from the floor, place it on her forehead and, holding it with one hand, slowly revolve toward the bed, twisting the fabric skillfully around her head with the other hand. The wrapping finished, she tucked each end securely into the folds of the drapery and swung a gorgeous Oriental jewel in front.

It was owing to Mme. Poiret's success with the

turban that other women have worn it since the brilliant pre-war era in France.

Mme. De Stael and Mme. Recamier were famous predecessors of Mme. Paul Poiret in the exploitation of this Oriental headpiece. They began the fashion of wearing it under the roof, a fashion which constantly recurs.

No woman can idly or carelessly wrap a piece of fabric about her head into attractive lines and curves. She is attempting the work of an artist and an expert, which calls for special skill and knowledge. She must be sure she possesses both before appearing in public with such handiwork on her head. An ill-constructed home-made turban is worse than a home-made hat.

PRECEPTS FOR BUYING HATS

The woman who buys a hat in a hurry lives to rue the purchase.

She who does not consider the color of a hat in relation to her face is bound to make the worst of herself.

A woman who buys a hat in defiance of fashion runs a good risk of looking grotesque.

She who selects her hat without the aid of a hand

mirror thinks too much of her face and too little of the back of her head.

The woman who starts forth to buy a hat after the hair-dresser has arranged a good coiffure is not buying wisely for days when no coiffeur has seen her hair—days which are most frequent in her life.

She who buys a costly gown and economizes on a hat is a poor manager.

All women should realize that the choice of a hat is an important function. It is not a task for a careless half-hour. It should not be done without serious consideration of its relationship to a particular gown or a series of gowns.

No woman should buy a hat that in itself is attractive on her head and comes within her purchase price unless she knows it harmonizes graciously with her clothes. To do otherwise is to be extravagant, for there is no more impractical way of spending money than to pick up unrelated garments in chance hours. Women who achieve their wardrobe through this haphazard system are invariably ill-dressed.

DON'T BUY IN A RUSH

French women advise us, and we should accept their authority as they are the world's most serious

students of dress, that it is often wiser to pay more for a hat than for gown or coat; that no hat should be bought ready-to-wear; that every hat should be cut to fit the head by an expert and that, if either gown or hat must be made at home, let it be the gown.

This advice is safe and sane, but much of it will not be followed by the mass of American women. They will continue to buy hats on counters or in show cases, and in this country the result is very good. The peril is in buying a hat in a hectic rush or leaving its choice entirely to a milliner.

It might be well to take a week to get the correct hat. The result would justify the apparent waste of time. A woman should try on many hats before she chooses one, and try on that one several times before accepting it. A woman in the average walks of life does not want many hats. Roughly estimated, two a season will do. There is a large class of women who like to buy cheap hats every two months. They can get the fashionable shapes and, although the material is not sturdy at this price, the system permits a variety, often for which there is reason and always defensive argument.

A costly hat often outlasts its vogue and the wearer's patience, so it is not unreasonable to choose between two purchasing systems.

The face is the dominant part of the head to be suited in a hat, it is true, but one should realize that the carriage of shoulders, the line of spine, the curve of neck, are made or marred by hats that are wrong at the back even when good in front. For this reason the hand mirror is a necessity. Better yet, one should sit close to a triple mirror or between two mirrors. When a woman pats her hair in place and puts powder on her nose and considers that a certain hat makes her face alluring, she should be compelled to see the back of her neck as others see it. Often she would be horrified at the effect.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

As has been said, there is no established fashion in hats and no law for any one face. Therefore, specific advice on what shapes to choose for each face would be as seed sown on the seashore.

There are fundamental things, however, that keep every woman from going far wrong when selecting hats. It is well to realize above all things that youth permits of uncovered eyes, but age demands a shadow over them. It is the opinion of artists that

no woman over forty should wear a hat without a brim, no matter how narrow.

It is a strange bit of psychology that elderly women insist upon hats that show the eyes and part of the forehead. The turban that flares away from eyes and ears and covers only a small part of the head is the traditional hat for the average woman over fifty. Really, it is quite wrong. Its source was the traditional bonnet adopted by women who had lost youth, as a token of submission to age. But the old-fashioned bonnet had the softening quality of strings over the ears and under the chin, which the stiff and ungracious turban has not.

Every woman should know that a loosely outlined hat with wide brim that flops and droops in a careless manner is the hat for youth or for the woman whose face still holds the irresponsibility of youth. It makes a haggard face look more haggard. It deepens wrinkles, it accentuates irregularity of features.

Every woman should know that a high crown is not to be placed above a long nose, a long thin face or a round full face. A small brim and small crown should not go above a broad fleshy face or a long face with broad cheekbones. The long face with sharply accented nose cannot carry a brim or crown that slopes backward from the forehead.

A woman who does not cover her ears and temples with hair should not wear a hat that rests on the naked ears.

Unless a forehead is singularly beautiful it should not be shown; if it has wrinkles across it and puckers between the eyebrows they must be shielded or shadowed by a hat.

If a woman carries her head forward, turtle-like, the brim of a hat should not rest on the back of the neck. It will give her an appearance of propelling herself forward by the head and not the body.

A narrow hat should never be worn above broad cheekbones. The width of crown should be determined by the width of the upper part of the face. The size and shape of a brim are less important than the crown.

If possible, it is best to match hat to gown in color, although certain kinds of light frocks demand dark hats; for instance, beige, sand, and biscuit demand deep brown or black headgear. Green gowns call for gray or silver hats. Black turbans can be worn with frocks in certain tones of red, but not with brown.

Hats are difficult to choose for gray clothes. There are certain tones of powder blue or purple that go well with gray. The shade of brown in a hat must

not clash with any other tone of brown worn on the body, but it may happily contrast with it.

It is wiser to put dark tones on the head and feet when there is an assembling of several tints of one color in the costume. Never let dark tones cover the body and shade off to light tones at the extremes.

The difficulties in hat decoration are apparent to the expert, not always to the amateur. It is there that she fails, usually.

As fashion in decoration changes one can only give general advice as to its application. Except in the case of flowers there should not be a startling divergence from the foundation color of the hat. When flowers are in fashion it is better to use several shades of one particular kind than to mass one color. Light and shadow are gained through assembling several tones, and this light and shadow are pleasantly reflected on the face.

Such fundamentals are beyond the reach of fashion. They are static and therefore helpful.

Chapter Fifteen

The Small Income and Social Life

A SMALL income, a social position, plus desire and a necessity to dress as other women in society are a group of conditions which form a serious problem. It is not a problem limited to the minority; it belongs to the majority.

There is a wide gulf fixed between society and pleasant social diversion. This is a fundamental fact women should realize. A woman who takes part infrequently in social affairs is not necessarily in society. On one the pressure is sporadic. On the other it is incessant. To the former the problem of what clothes to buy for social events is not as pressing or as exacting as it is to the latter.

In America, "going in society" does not always indicate a lavish expenditure of money, yet, so far does this country go in wealth and prosperity and so widely are these distributed that the growth of extravagant social life is amazingly increased each decade. More and more it embraces groups of newcomers pressed upward by the growth of our stupendous industrial conditions, for in Anglo-Saxon coun-

tries an acknowledged social position is a symbol of prosperity.

Midas, the gold king, would have envied the income of men among us. Nothing seems too extravagant, too capricious, too luxurious for the rich of this nation to buy. The lavish spirit of the "forty-niners" is revived. High prices do not depress extravagance among the rich and women pay for clothes sums of money that would have given pause to Catherine de Medici and Marie Antoinette. As soon as big wealth is acquired the struggle for social position begins.

Until this financial and social whirligig simmers down in America, the woman with a small income and a recognized social position will endure troublous days. It grows increasingly difficult to hold her own in clothes. She does not wish to dig a hole, drop herself into it and refuse to emerge until the extravagance of social life sifts down to her level. By that time she may be dead. Our lives must be lived in the environment which continues to surround us. If one acknowledges defeat and quits the struggle, the boredom of life is more depressing than the problem of how to appear on a par with one's friends.

All women will confess this much. Nearly all women with limited dress allowance and an unlim-

ited list of gay and entertaining friends has tried at least once the experiment of giving up social contact for reasons of economy. Her spirit has not been bettered by the change. She has made or inherited her friends in one sector of life and she does not fit into another.

The woman who takes her part in society in the best way possible without drifting into debt is happier than a self-martyred hermit. Such argument does not apply to those who have never taken part in an established social life, those to whom society is an uncharted sea and whose lives are happily absorbed in other activities. The struggle for the right clothes is with these women as with all others, but it does not cause as much anxiety nor require as much skill and judgment as the struggle for the right kind of clothes by one in constant contact with a set that dresses better than she does. One way of saving money is to wear their clothes.

IN OTHER WOMEN'S RAIMENT

There is a large segment of women who are glad to receive the clothing of friends and they care not who knows it. It is a kindly custom among our rich women to give to poorer intimates the frocks and hats

they are unable or unwilling to wear. The acceptance of such generosity has its drawbacks. It presents a peril which the beneficiary must face; it compels her to appear in raiment not built for her figure or conforming to her type; it requires artistic skill and ingenuity to change one woman's raiment into something that fits the personality and circumstance of another.

It is not easy to be well dressed in clothes chosen by other people for other people. The crumbs which fall from the rich woman's table are apt to give indigestion. Yet there are thousands of women who rarely know the pleasure of a gown ordered and built according to their own plans. Their task through the decades has been to remodel gowns of a past season, belonging to shorter or larger or smaller women, according to the dictates of prevailing fashion. Such a climb to success is over barbed wire.

Fancy the struggles of a woman with a stout figure and short waist who must change the garments of a friend who has a long waist and thin body; or the adaptation of an evening gown intended for an opera box to the needs of a small theatre party followed by an informal supper; or the task of turning a tailored suit into a one-piece frock, or bearing the

weight of a voluminous top coat when she is too short to stand its bulk.

No, the path of a clothes beneficiary is not a pleasant one. Yet rugged as it is, it gives a woman a chance to appear correctly dressed in the society to which she is accredited.

There are women who, for the sake of such clothes, do not balk at the most appalling task of alteration. Neither do they refuse to accept the outstanding fact that under such conditions they cannot be really well dressed, although they wear raiment of good quality.

Here and there a certain type of woman shines in clothes given her and she often turns the trick cleverly by startling her benefactor into wondering why these same clothes never looked well on her. The reason lies in the triumph of art over money.

Rich women have often regretted that friendship and not judgment should govern the disposal of their clothes. An affluent woman rarely finds a friend who can wear her discarded clothes with brilliant effect, one who does not have to struggle frantically to make them pleasing, to whom they give joy without anxiety.

There is in this country a woman, rich and powerful, who gives away her clothes in an unique way.

She buys dozens of garments each year, expensively stocking her wardrobe for each quarterly season. Before these clothes pass out of fashion, before they are allowed to hang in the closets for months with linings soiled and decoration deteriorated, her maid assembles them in the ballroom of the house, placing each costume to good advantage. Friends are invited to come and take their choice from all this assortment of clothing, hats, shoes, and accessories. Tea is served and the hostess is absent. She does not wish to embarrass her friends by her presence or advice. They take whatever they want, arranging the distribution among themselves. Several maids are present to help in the adjustment of the gowns before the panelled mirrors of the room.

This is an admirable and practical way to be generous. As a gracious act in the distribution of one's raiment it stands alone. The method is highly recommended to those who have closets filled with clothes that serve no one; soon their possibilities extinguish and they cannot be sold even to a second-hand dealer.

THE METHODS OF BUYING CLOTHES

No person going in society on a small dress income has been able definitely and finally to decide

between two methods of buying clothes, yet both are offered to her as guides through a wilderness.

One method is to buy early in the season, to take the task with seriousness and to persist in the work until it is finished. Such is the French way adopted by many Americans.

The other method is to buy haphazard, to get a gown when the occasion demands, to spend a little money now and a little then, never quite sure of how much one can spend nor how much one has spent at the end of the year.

The choice between these two methods is determined by the lifelong difference between the opportunist and the organizer.

Tranquillity of mind does not go with either method, but the balance of argument goes to the organized scheme. The woman who goes in society, who has many invitations, who spends her life in a well-defined environment is not in doubt as to the number and kind of clothes she will need each season, so she can approach her task with confidence. Any break from the normal schedule may necessitate buying more clothes than she anticipated, but that can take care of itself.

If she organizes the buying of clothes, if she begins early and spends the amount of money she can

afford, she avoids the frantic effort to achieve a costume in a few hours when a sudden demand presses. Clothes conceived or purchased under such circumstances rarely satisfy. They do not stand constant inspection and often are the touch of extravagance that disturbs and undermines the clothes budget.

All women are sufficiently weak to be exasperated with a conviction of having shown poor judgment in selecting certain garments too early in the season, but their dissatisfaction is not as bitter as when they realize they have thrown away money, under the harassment of a sudden demand, on a frock which is not attractive and will not give frequent service; they reproach themselves for having indulged in the laziness of being opportunists.

Well-dressed French women are more parsimonious than Americans in spending time and money on clothes. They adopt the methods of business men who approach a financial problem. As American housewives attack the task of seasonal housecleaning with organized determination to do it thoroughly, so French women approach the task of assembling their seasonal raiment. They spare a few weeks to it unreservedly; they concentrate on the problem; they endeavor to correct their recent failures, to profit by experience, to spend each franc

wisely. We would do well to follow their example. A notable French designer told me that our women of moderate and negligible incomes spent more money on clothes in one season than wealthy Parisiennes spent in a year, for the American women bought carelessly.

Some women have a haphazard habit of buying a tailored suit in September, hoping to add the correct blouses later in the season and to pick up a hat during a chance hour of shopping. This is wrong. It makes for a careless appearance. It creates disorder in the mind. There are many days when the suit loses all value through lack of the proper blouse or hat. Far the wiser way is to complete one costume at a time. Its component parts should be assembled with thought and discretion before another costume is begun. Nothing should be left to the hazard of chance shopping. One well-planned costume—which includes hat, gloves, stockings, frock and wrap—gives a woman more satisfaction and a better appearance than a variety of unrelated garments.

A French woman will make her public appearances throughout a season in one admirable costume, which is one of the reasons she gets credit for being well dressed. Unevenly balanced habits of dressing

and unevenly assembled garments never evoke praise from the public.

Rich women may indulge in mistakes, for they can carelessly discard failures, but a woman with a small income cannot replace failures with immediate new attempts. She must go through the season bearing the punishment she has brought upon herself by haphazard and indiscreet buying.

CONCENTRATE ON SOCIAL CLOTHES

As a wage earner must think first of office clothes, the woman in society must think first of formal clothes. Sometimes she is a wage earner who has not relinquished her social habits; if so, she has a double problem to solve; but to a woman who lives on a meagre dress allowance without adding to it by work, the fact should be emphasized that clothes for pleasure come first.

She may be able to remain at home most of the day in simple house gowns, therefore a smart tailored suit with its many accessories is not necessary. The bulk of her dress budget should go in afternoon and evening gowns to be worn under other roofs than her own.

One bit of advice to her that may be worth follow-

ing is to indulge in tea gowns. It is an excellent European fashion, one that the moderately poor may borrow from the immoderately rich. These garments can be assembled from odds and ends of fabric, from discarded evening gowns and built at home without the services of an expensive seamstress.

Many rich women save their fine, fragile frocks by having a half-dozen house robes each season. They are not trying to save money, but time and vitality in shopping and fittings at dressmaking houses. The cost of these house garments is negligible. They differ in color and splendor, in harmony and formality. They are slipped on for uninterrupted evenings at home or when one entertains under the home roof, informally. They are far lovelier than shabby and partly soiled evening gowns which serve many women for informal evening life.

If one follows this method of economy the bulk of the dress allowance can go for clothes which must pass muster in formal society. Another plea for their usage is that they give a woman a chance to wear the gorgeous colorings and exaggerated lines for which her soul yearns but which she does not dare in public.

The woman of leisure has an advantage over the wage earner in being able to give time and vitality

to the alteration of old clothes into new. This work she must do to balance her wardrobe. Evening gowns are not especially difficult to rebuild. The color is easy to change in these days of satisfactory dyeing. New decoration can take the place of old; a change in the lift of drapery alters the meaning of a frock and brings it into the silhouette of the season.

The wisdom of clinging to one color as a means of economy has its drawbacks, which are not financial but mental. Women tire of one color in all their costumes for gay occasions. There is nothing one wearies of more than a black evening gown, for instance, and yet it is the safest investment for succeeding seasons of service.

It is wise and clever, however, to keep to one color scheme and diverge broadly in style and fabric. Through this method the various expensive accessories which one accumulates, such as shoes, stockings, hats, scarfs, and handbags, can be constantly utilized.

Chapter Sixteen

Paul Poiret's Ten Short Precepts

THE art of dressing is an art as complex and elusive as all the others. It too has principles and traditions known only to persons of taste because they harmonize with their inmost feelings.

This art has little in common with money. The woman whose resources are limited has no more cause for being ill-dressed than the rich woman has reason to believe that she is beautifully gowned. Except in so far as money can procure the services of a good dressmaker, of an artist who can judge his customer's style and garb her accordingly, the wealthy woman stands no better chance of being correctly dressed than the woman who must turn every penny before spending it.

The contrary is very often true. Whereas the rich woman can satisfy her least caprice in a most haphazard fashion, the woman of average means, simply because she is actually forced to think about her wardrobe, is more apt to realize what is suitable to her and what is not. She learns how to choose and what to select. She learns the art of dressing well.

And it is not an easy art to acquire. It demands a certain amount of intelligence, certain gifts, some of them among the rarest, perhaps—it requires a real appreciation of harmony, of colors, ingenious ideas, absolute tact, and above all a love of the beautiful and clear perception of values. It may be summarized in two words—good taste.

Taste is by no means developed by riches; on the contrary the increasing demands of luxury are killing the art of dressing. Luxury and good taste are in inverse proportion to each other. The one will kill the other as machinery is crowding out handiwork. In fact, it has come so far that many persons confuse the two terms. Because a material is expensive they find it beautiful; because it is cheap they think it must be ugly.

To give you an example: most women whose wealth may be measured beyond a certain figure inevitably appear with a string of pearls around their necks. Pearls are essentially becoming to certain types only, and cannot possibly be suitable to all women, but they seem to have become a visible sign of social caste. To how many women does a pearl necklace add any beauty? How many women choose their pearl necklaces for reasons of good

taste and style—that is to say, in order to set off the beauty of their coloring?

At the theatre, in restaurants you see hundreds of women more adorned than Indian idols. Those wearing the most sparkling jewels, the most expensive garments are rarely the most beautiful. Those who are most loaded down with precious stones, necklaces, bracelets and rings rarely attract my attention. Sometimes I try to force myself to admire them. But it is impossible for me to feel anything more for them than for the dazzling setting of a jeweler's window, and the women who appear thus dressed in their fortune only would not appear less attractive to me if they wore it in their hair as curling-papers made out of bank-notes!

The well-dressed woman is the one who picks out her gowns, her adornments simply because they make her appear more pleasing, not because other people are wearing that style or because it will be a palpable proof of her husband's bank account. Because one woman chooses to emphasize the purity of her Grecian profile by winding a band of gold around her hair, why should twenty the next day and five hundred the day after that do their hair in the same style? But that is the way fashion sways women to-day. The

only well-dressed women are those who dare to create original ideas, not those who servilely follow fashions.

In order not to appear entirely at odds with her surroundings and the place where she lives, a woman is obliged to follow fashions to a certain extent. But let that be within certain bounds. What does it matter if tight skirts be the fashion if your figure demands a wide one? Is it not important to dress so as to bring out your good points, rather than to reveal the bad? Can any idea of being fashionable make up for the fact of being ridiculous?

I dined the other day in a fashionable restaurant. At the tables around me I noticed at least half a dozen women whose hair was dressed in exactly the same way. All were dressed in equally expensive gowns, although I was not able to judge of the colors because they were all equally overloaded with beading, embroideries, gold, silver, or steel ornaments, with laces and fringes.

These women, who I imagine were neither sisters nor friends, were all shaped in the same mold—that is to say, in the same kind of corsets—and they all wore jewels, pendants and necklaces which, if not exactly alike, were at least of the same type. Every woman had adapted her body, her movements, and her tastes to the commonplace desire of being fash-

ionably dressed. And in looking at them I could not help thinking that in case of a panic their husbands or brothers or friends would be perfectly justified in mistaking one for the other.

Instead of hiding their individuality, why did not each woman try to bring out her personal type of beauty? One woman would have been more attractive without short hair; another would have been more beautiful in black; jewels were out of place on the third.

Curiously enough, women fear being called original or individual, but never hesitate to make fools of themselves in following the latest fashion. A woman will submit to any torture, any ridicule if she believes she is worshiping that absurd goddess, Fashion. Every year a certain very limited number of types of style are seen, and almost all women may be classified under one of them. Only those who do not fit in under any particular heading are worthy of being called well dressed.

I cannot help feeling a vague contempt for those who ask at the beginning of the season, "What is to be the favorite color?" Choose the color that suits you, madame, and if someone tells you that red is to be worn, dare to wear violet and consider only what is suitable to you. There is only one motto for the

well-dressed woman, and the old Romans expressed it in one word, "decorum," which means "that which is suitable." *That which is suitable!*

Choose whatever is suitable to the times, the circumstances, the landscape, the place where you are staying, whether it be a large city, a village, or a watering-place.

Choose whatever is most in harmony with your character. A gown can be the expression of a state of mind if you try to make it so. There are dresses that sing of the joy of life, gowns that weep, gowns that threaten. There are gay gowns, serious gowns, pleasing gowns, and tearful gowns.

To embody the art of dressing well in ten short precepts, I will say:

1. Choose whatever is most becoming to your beauty—tightly fitting garments or loose, flowing ones; the strictly tailor-made or the more elaborate.

2. Choose the colors which go well with your complexion, your hair, your eyes.

3. Observe decorum and wear appropriate frocks in appropriate places. It is because of her ability to understand the eternal fitness of things that the Parisienne is so often the queen of large social functions!

4. If gowns built on straight lines do not suit you, do not wear them.

5. If fringes such as I border gowns with do not fit in with your personality, dare to wear any other kind of trimming that does.

6. In some of my more beautiful gowns I am keeping the light chiffon overskirt which harmonizes or contrasts with the silk foundation. But if that is not suitable to you, dare to wear heavy brocades and satins.

7. Personally I like strong colors, colors of life and poetry. But if pastel shades are becoming, wear them, no matter what the fashion.

8. If the high waistline does not reveal the good points of your figure, do not adopt it.

9. Place the waistline where it is becoming to you.

10. I like the tight skirt; but if you look better in a wide one, do not sacrifice your beauty in a vain attempt at being fashionable.

But all this is hard to attain, you will say. It takes time and patience. And that is why there are so few well-dressed women. But those who are really well dressed enjoy a sense of satisfaction equal to the triumphs of any other art. They impart a breath of life, beauty, and color to things around them—above all, they are living examples of decorum.—*Paul Poiret.*

Chapter Seventeen

A Creed for the Clothes Closet

GOOD taste is better than fine clothes. It carries one further toward success.

There is no royal road to good dressing. It is a task that demands patience, observation, judgment, and careful consideration.

It is as bad to be dowdy as to be conspicuous.

It is as unwise to be too far ahead of the fashion as too far behind it.

It is wiser to choose clothes for the season than for extended service.

The well-dressed woman is one who permits no imperfect part to mar a perfect whole.

There is wisdom in completing the purchase of one costume rather than buying odds and ends that must be put together in a haphazard manner.

It is foolish to buy bargains because one can save money. The value in a bargain lies in its value to the person. Often it is a piece of extravagance.

The wrong hat with a good gown ruins the gown. A wrong pair of shoes with a good wrap lowers the value of the wrap. A cheap, ill-fitting blouse with a high-priced tailored suit brings the suit to its level.

If one must save money it is wiser to buy good street clothes and economize on evening clothes; it is better to pay a high price for walking shoes than dancing slippers; it is more economical to buy one expensive pair of gloves than three shoddy pairs. It is more extravagant to buy four pair of worthless stockings than two pairs of sturdy ones.

Keep sport shoes for sport clothes. Do not wear either through carelessness in city streets or to the office. Fine silk stockings do not go with heavy shoes. Elaborate jewelled buckles on satin slippers are not fit for the pavement.

Do not go shopping in a costume that serves for a restaurant dinner or an afternoon reception. Fit the

clothes to the hour and the occasion. That phrase is the gospel of dress.

Do not wear heavy, mannish gloves with fine frocks or spoil evening gowns with coats of mannish worsted.

To be brazenly conspicuous in one's appearance is to show a shallow mind, poor judgment, or a low social standard. Perfection and simplicity is the combination to be desired.

She who has a masculine appearance may wear tailored clothes if she softens their effect beneath and above the face. She must accent femininity.

Only a coquettish face can carry a picture hat. Frills and furbelows, ribbons and bows must be avoided by women who are stout, who are florid, who are of big Nordic structure.

It is well for all women to dress for each day's activities in a manner that will not compel explanations and excuses. No one wants to hear why a poor costume was assembled, and few believe that the wearer knows better.

It is the way of laziness and self-deception to place the responsiblity for ungracious and inadequate clothes on the pursuit of self-styled "higher occupations."

A woman's clothes should be as well ordered and as carefully chosen and worn as the food and cleanliness of her household. One is as important as the other.

Each woman must be the sole judge as to the distribution of the clothes budget. Her environment and established activities should govern the choice of clothes. Money must go into things most needed.

One must be guided in the buying of clothes by whether one rides or walks, uses the street car, commutes into town, or goes about in a limousine. The method of transportation has become a vital influence in the selection of seasonal raiment.

Clothes must suit the climate in which a woman lives. Fur coats are useless in sub-tropical countries. Heavy worsted is unbearable when the thermometer demands crêpes and linens.

Small incomes should not be expended on clothes of eccentric cut and vivid color, unless the wearer is disposed to discard the old for the new in quick succession.

It is not necessary to choose black as a uniform when money is scarce, unless it brings out the best there is in the wearer's coloring. Sallow faces and wrinkles find a bitter enemy in black.

It is unwise to hoard clothes for special occasions. Fashion changes and alteration is costly and often unsuccessful.

It takes artistry and good temper to be a beneficiary of the clothing of rich friends and arrange it to suit one's type and personality, also one's activities. Rich women should give their clothes to those who resemble them and give them away while they retain some connection with prevailing fashion.

To the critical, no good woman can shine above bad clothes.

The French insist that she is an unwise woman

who buys clothes either above or below her social condition and environment.

Buying clothes without knowledge of one's type is a waste of energy and coin. Study well thyself before establishing a creed of clothes. A triple mirror is the first aid to a student. The belief that only vanity impels one to consult the mirror belongs to the ignorant. In clothes, as in food, a woman should be certain of what suits her.

Lack of proper conceit ends in poor clothes, foolish investment of money and incessant irritation. It is the secret desire of every woman to be well dressed, no matter what she tries to make herself and others believe.

Admiration of others' clothes should not impel one to buy duplicates unless the two figures are alike. A short, stout woman cannot carry the gown of a tall, willow-like woman. The girl with the child-like face cannot appear well in the frock of a Viking woman.

The slim, the eel-like, the healthy types can take liberties in clothes barred to the vigorous and the stalwart women. Pale faces can depend on cosmetics

to give whatever coloring the costumes demand. There is not enough of the thin, short woman to be made grotesque by eccentric accessories.

Women with white or gray hair should not wear red. Certain shades of purple are good. Black hats are best. Gray is too neutral as a rule, although it contrasts well with brilliant color in the cheeks, and vivid eyes.

Those who have vivid facial coloring should seek to subdue it. Clothes that enhance it are unwise. Deep brown, deep blue, black and white are excellent colors for clothes. Chinese blue, silver gray, sapphire blue, soften facial coloring under artificial light.

Pale, fragile women should choose flowered fabrics if the face is not wrinkled and the facial coloring anæmic.

Tall vigorous women should not wear much jewelry or floating frivolities such as veils, earrings, drooping feathers, conspicuous sashes. Broad embroidered or jewelled girdles should not be placed around large hips.

Blondes should not dress like gypsies or Orientals. Such costumery needs the dark mystery of the Southern races. Directoire fashions are not for the stout, the big-boned, or the large-waisted.

Large shoulders demand the least possible amount of material. Heavy necks demand open necklines or flat, insignificant collars.

Middle-aged faces that have acquired hard lines and sagging cheeks must avoid collars of organdy, of piqué, of starched muslin. Even lace, when used, must be of fine mesh and small pattern.

Short women with awkward lines from neck to heel must eliminate large figurations printed or applied to cloth. Solid colors are necessary for beauty. They should wear fabrics without patterns or opposing colors. They should not be sharply cut in two between neck and heel by belt, girdle, or ornamentation.

No woman should attempt sweeping drapery unless she moves gracefully in clothes. She needs height and an undulating walk.

Broad women should adopt vertical lines. Narrow women may adopt horizontal lines.

Short women should avoid borders on any garment. They shorten the figure.

Stout women should avoid bright contrasts in color.

The Oriental trick of veiling one color with another is an admirable subtlety. It should be mastered by women who have need to alter their clothes to suit different occasions and seasons.

Green in its several nuances is a color for blondes or those of Nordic strain. Jade is the most difficult tone of it to put near the face.

Thin, hollowed arms should be covered from armpit to wrist. When draped sleeves are worn in the evening, there should be a wrist-length undersleeve of lace or net wrinkled closely to the arm. Large muscular arms need loosely flowing drapery, sufficiently translucent to hide their ungraceful contour.

Protruding collar-bones and ugly hollows in the chest can be concealed by a tightly drawn yoke of

flesh-colored net ending above the collar-bones. It should be invisible. This trick was standardized by the famous house of Callot in Paris.

Neither a dog collar or jewels nor a black velvet band are suitable adjuncts to a large fleshy neck. Whatever pushes flesh up or down into thick rolls destroys the appearance. This is as true of the corset as the neckband.

THE END

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